

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 163.—26 JUNE, 1847.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Lives of the English Saints.* Parts I. to XII. 12mo. London: 1844-5.
2. *Essai sur les Légendes Pieuses du Moyen-Age.* Par L. F. ALFRED MAURY. 8vo. Paris: 1843.

A REMARKABLE contrast is presented by the circumstance, that while in France—a Roman Catholic country—writers are investigating, in a purely philosophical spirit, the legends and miracles of those morally dark ages, from the influence of which we have fortunately been long emancipated, there are found men in Protestant England—men bound by their duty to defend the church which they are deliberately undermining—eagerly engaged in republishing these legends to the world, and recommending them even with more than popish bigotry.

It is singular that any modern religious party, instead of resting its claims on some show of reason, should reject contemptuously the plainest dictates of common sense, and exact a blind acceptance of the most ridiculous, and most disgusting portions of the belief of the middle ages. With these men, absurdity is the extreme of wisdom; and the very errors which liberal-minded Romanists now reject, are, by our would-be "Catholics," held forth as the gage of orthodoxy. Justification is not sought in scriptural or apostolical authority; and the pure and simple faith which Jesus taught to his disciples is represented to be but a rude outline, an *ébauche*, which it required the "wisdom" of the dark ages to develop. The testimony of history is rejected, for it has too much to say: while the mere belief of the "Catholic" is the only sure evidence of truth, in this new school of religious professors. Such, at least, is the doctrine expressly inculcated in the tracts before us; which are generally attributed to a late proselyte to Romanism, who, at the time of their publication, was a member of the church of England, and was receiving wages at its hands.

With regard to the principle upon which these Lives have been composed, and on which it is intended that they should be now studied, there is neither disguise nor reservation. We are warned, from the beginning and throughout, that in matters of this high order our belief is relieved from subjection to the ordinary rules of evidence. In a completely un-historical account of the primitive British church, (given in Part III., and containing the first portion of the life of St. Augustine,) after stating the want of historical evidence of the pretended visits of the Apostles Paul and Peter to Great Britain, the writer observes, "yet it has undoubtedly been long received as a *pious opinion* by the church at large;" after which, he immediately informs us, that "this sort of argument, although it ought to be kept quite distinct from documentary and historical proof, and will form no substitute for such proof with *those who stipulate for something like legal accuracy* in inquiries of this nature, will not be without its effect upon *devout minds*." In telling a miracle of a saint of the seventh century, which is not mentioned before the fourteenth century, our historian adds—"This story is given on the authority of Capgrave, not of Bede; not that there seems any reason for *doubting its truth*." After the rea-

tion of several absurd miracles, without meaning and without object, we meet repeatedly with remarks like the following:—"And from not understanding them, (the saints,) we go on to criticise them, not always or at once remembering, that 'the natural man discerneth not the things of the spirit,' and that, in the case of certain given persons, it is on the whole far more likely that *such as we should be in the dark, than such as they in the wrong*." "If the reader so far forgets that he is occupied upon a portion of ecclesiastical history as to *stumble at the marvellous portions* of the present biographical sketch, it is hoped he will at least suspend his judgment till a few pages further on, or accept the statement, subject to any qualifications which may secure them from the chance of irreverent usage, and him from the risk of that *especial blasphemy* which consists in slighting the manifestations of God's Holy Spirit; a sin, one should have thought, denounced by our blessed Lord in language sufficiently awful to make the possibility of it an unspeakably more formidable alternative than *any amount of credulity*." "When to the readers of one age, the miracles of another long past away appear so grotesque as to provoke *amusement*, their seeming eccentricity is *no ground for rejecting them*." If men are to be taught, the teaching will be shaped for them, adapted to their way of looking at things, corresponding to their habits of thought, and, as it were, echoing the actual life and manner of the times. Supposing a miracle wrought for the conversion of a barbarous people, will it not almost certainly have a *barbarous aspect*, and be what a philosophical age would deem a *gross display of supernatural power or goodness*?" Somewhere, near York, St. Augustine restored a blind man to his sight in the name of Jesus Christ. At this time of day, there is something unusually *naïve* in the exclamation—"Why should not that name work miracles at any time? Why not among ourselves now-a-days?" Truly, because we lack the conditions of its power—Catholic faith and Catholic sanctity!" This is precisely the way in which the late Mr. Irving accounted for the withdrawal of miraculous powers from modern prayers. In another place we are gravely told that the reason why we cannot believe the miracles of the saints is, that we are laboring under an intellectual darkness caused by three centuries of heresy!

Ravings like these may appear at first sight undeserving of notice. Can they have any weight with anybody? But when we look further into the body of the tracts themselves, (and they have been widely distributed,) we find their fallacious doctrines put forth so Jesuitically, the poison so cunningly hidden beneath the sugar, that it is right to exhibit the working of the system in its true colors. The object of this writer may be discovered without difficulty. He knows that the voice of the past, if impartially listened to, is against him—therefore he would cast a discredit upon all but ecclesiastical history. The cross-examination of his witnesses by a skilful advocate must be fatal—therefore he would impress upon us not only the *danger*, but the "*especial blasphemy*" of criticising. The scheme, too, has been to a small degree successful; because the experiment has fallen upon an

age, when people are off their guard. At the time of the reformation, the whole case was before the eyes of everybody; the conviction of its rottenness was general among as many as ventured to inquire, because the evidence was overwhelming. On the contrary, our own age, satisfied with the judgment of our forefathers, has been gradually forgetting the evidence by which that judgment was obtained, until at last a little special pleading is enough to throw doubts upon its justice among the credulous and simple-minded. The only remedy is to produce the evidence again; and fortunately we shall find that in the present case it is increased rather than diminished by lapse of time. The Romanist knows this well, and therefore he sets his face against historical criticism and the publication of historical documents. This is the spirit exhibited in these new "Lives of the English Saints;" on which account it will not, we think, be uninteresting, to examine a little into the materials of which those extraordinary fabrications called *Lives of Saints* were constructed, and into the mode in which they were put together.

The Lives of Saints may be arranged in several classes. Some were mere forgeries, inventions to serve the purposes of those who first compiled them; others, equally lives of persons who never existed, had their foundation in nothing but popular fables, and even in mistaken allegories; in other instances, they are the mere legends which during ages had gathered round the memory of some personage known only by name, and committed to writing long after the period at which he lived; while, in many cases, we have the life of an individual written by his contemporary, sometimes friend, almost always a prejudiced chronicler, intentionally or unwittingly inserting much which it would have been very difficult indeed to have ever authenticated or ascertained. The saints of this latter class (the only one which has much historical importance) are of two races. They gained a place in the calendar, either by the part they took in supporting the usurpations of the church upon the civil power, during the long struggle in which the former was not over-delicate in the choice of its weapons, or by their activity as missionaries in converting the heretics or the heathen to the church of Rome. In general, the more authentic the lives, the fewer the miracles; and, in like manner, the earlier lives of the same saint contained much fewer miracles than the later ones. The mass of the mediæval miracles appears to have originated in the mixture of ideas produced by the conversion of the pagan tribes by men who, though Christians, were almost as superstitious and credulous as themselves.

When the missionaries first entered upon their labors among the people of western and northern Europe, they found a creed which acknowledged two classes of supernatural beings—the gods (*di majores*) of the respective tribes, such as Odin, Thor, &c.—and a multitude of lesser spirits, who were believed to haunt wood and valley and mountain and to inhabit air and water, continually intermixing visibly or invisibly with mankind, and exerting over individuals an influence for good and for evil. The worship of the gods was the province of the higher classes, and was the business of priests; the minor spiritual beings, elves or nymphs, held intercourse with individuals at their pleasure, or sometimes by compulsion: and these individuals (the originals of the sorcerers and witches of later times) obtained by this means miraculous powers; for instance, the power of curing diseases, of working good or evil like the spirits themselves, and of

foretelling future events. They were consulted by those who labored under such diseases, who had sustained losses by accident or robbery, or who sought to gratify revenge or conciliate love. As the monkish missionaries made their way, they banished the heathen priests—whose gods and their worship were soon forgotten—while their mythic histories were preserved in the form of romances and popular stories. But the elves and minor spirits, in whose existence the monk believed equally with the peasant, still held their sway; and sorcerers and witches continued to follow their occupations.

We trace, indeed, everywhere the attempts of the ecclesiastics, down to a late period, to turn the popular superstitions to their own purposes. Elves and nymphs were, in their creed, innumerable hosts of demons, against whom they had to contend. The martyrs of the primitive ages of the church had suffered for refusing to worship idols of wood and stone; the monkish saints advanced a step further, and embarked in a more substantial warfare with spiritual beings. These imaginary demons were naturally opposed to the intruders; and we find them seizing every opportunity of tormenting the missionaries and their converts. In the seventh century, St. Sulpicius, while a mere child, went to pray by night at a ruined church near his father's house; two black demons, who haunted the ruin, would have scared him from his devotions, but he drove them away with the sign of the cross. With the same weapon his contemporary, St. Frodober, at that time also a boy, drove away a devil which used to stop him on his way to school. So late as the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Belgian St. Juetta, when she went to her devotions at night, was persecuted by demons who appeared to her in every variety of form, ludicrous as well as fearful. We might fill a volume with such stories. The tricks which these demons played upon their spiritual adversaries are often of the most frivolous kind; precisely such as are laid to the charge of the playful elves of the popular mythology. When St. Frodober was at his nightly devotions in the church, a devil overthrew his candlestick and put out the light. A demon stole the bread of St. Amatus, abbot of Remiremont. St. Benedict, the father of monachism in the west, lived for some time at the summit of a rock, and his food was sent up by a rope to which a bell was attached; one day the Evil One threw a stone at the bell, and it was broken, whereby the saint could no longer make known his necessities. In a majority of cases, the demon exhibited much greater malignity; as in another adventure of St. Amatus, when the fiend threw down the upper part of a lofty rock, that it might crush him in his cell; but the saint caused it miraculously to stop in the midst of its descent. Like the spiritual beings of the popular mythology, we often find the demons in possession of ruined cities or fortresses; we have already had an example in which they haunted a ruined church; St. Salaberga encountered a whole host in the ruins at Laon, who appeared in the shapes of fierce wild beasts. But, in the Teutonic mythology, the special haunts of spirits of almost every description were the wild morasses and the unrefined woods. It was in such places that the mythic heroes of the pagan creed went to encounter them, or that the charmer consulted them; accordingly, when their imitators, the monks, had gained strength in the country, and were no more subject to the attacks of the demons at home, they began to act upon the offensive, and followed the enemy into his own dwelling-place.

Under these feelings, St. Guthlac took up his residence amid the marshes of Croyland, and St. Cuthbert established himself in the island of Farne; where their legendary histories describe their long-continued struggle with their spiritual adversaries. People implicitly believed that such places could only be rendered habitable by the holiness of the saints. We sometimes find these saints contending with water-demons, the nickers of the ancient creed, the memory of whose transformation is still preserved in the popular term of "Old Nick." In a district in France, there was in the seventh century a certain whirlpool (*gurges*) in the river, which the pagans had "consecrated to their demons," and these demons dwelt in it, and, if any one entered the river in its vicinity, they dragged him to the bottom and he was drowned. The people of the neighborhood prayed St. Sulpicius to drive away these demons, which he did, but as it appears ineffectually; for a man falling in soon afterwards was strangled by the fiend, and brought out lifeless. The saint, to save his credit, restored the drowned man to life. The nymphs of the older mythology also acted their parts; according to the popular fables, they became frequently enamored of men, and had intercourse with them,—an intercourse which is the foundation of many romantic stories. The monks and hermits were no less frequently the objects of their amorous propensities, and had need of all their piety and miraculous powers to withstand their seductions. Water-nymphs appeared to St. Gall, (Act. Ss. Bened. sec. ii., p. 237;) a nymph (or, according to the legend, a devil in woman's form) came by night to St. John, abbot of Mouttier, in the diocese of Langres, and tried her seductive arts upon him in vain; a similar attempt was made upon St. Benedict, and it was repeated with a multitude of other saints.

Such, evidently, was the origin of a considerable portion of the multifarious demoniacal agency, which fills the mediæval saints' legends. The monks borrowed another class of miracles from the observance of paganism, in their desire to vindicate to themselves powers, the same as those with which popular superstition had invested priests and sorcerers. The heathen priest, as well as his Christian rival, cured diseases: and that by charms, which were in many cases identical, if we except the mere insertion of Christian terms. For instance, the pagans applied to their priests and sorcerers for the detection of robbers, and for the recovery of goods lost or stolen; in due course this attribute was transferred to the monkish saints, whose legends are so full of instances of the miraculous detection of theft and robbery, that it is unnecessary to particularize them. We know what reverence our heathen ancestors paid to fountains—the favorite objects of their pilgrimages and religious ceremonies: these also enter extensively into the saints' legends; and were everywhere translated into objects of Christian worship under the Romanized Christianity of the middle ages. If we believe the legends, the saints made so many of the fountains now in existence, that the pagans can hardly have found a spring to worship at. The stories of fountains produced miraculously by the saints are repeated, by the compiler of our new *Lives of Saints*, without a smile—on the contrary, he seeks to awe us into the impression, that it would be a "special blasphemy" to disbelieve them. (See the *Life of St. Augustine*, p. 87.) The monks even fell into the reverence with which the people cherished the barrows, or graves, of their ancestors, and they sometimes

dug up their bones to make reliques of them. Thus, while the unconverted Saxon revered the barrow, because he believed that it was from time to time revisited by the spirit of its tenant, the English monk, with a grosser superstition, worshipped the bones, the last moulder witnesses of his mortality. On the site of the present town of Ludlow, in Shropshire, stood, in early times, a large barrow, probably Roman: It was an object of popular superstition, and in Christian times a church was built beside it. In 1199, as we learn from a document printed in Leland's *Collectanea*, (iii. 407,) it being found necessary to remove the mound, three sepulchral interments were discovered. The clergy of the adjoining church carefully gathered up the bones, and placed them in a coffer; telling people that they were the blessed reliques of three saints of Irish extraction—St. Fercher, St. Corona, and another, whose name is preserved only imperfectly in the document!

One of the most common exploits of the heroes of the Teutonic mythology was the destruction of dragons, which were supposed to have the care of treasures concealed in old ruins and in the barrows of the dead. The monks would have their saints rival these mythic heroes. When St. Julian preached the gospel to the Franks, a dreadful dragon brooded in a ruined temple at "Artinas," which the saint immediately put to flight. Nearly at the same period, in another part of France, (*in deserto Thordorensi*.) a dragon, the terror of the neighborhood, dwelt in an ancient pit or well; it was killed by St. John of Remiremont. When, in the sixth century, St. Tozzo, St. Magnus, and St. Gall had wandered through France to the borders of Switzerland, they came to the Roman Campodunum, (Kempten,) which was then a deserted mass of ruins. A presbyter of the neighborhood told the strangers that the people of the country sometimes visited the ruins by day; but that at night the access was dangerous on account of the fearful dragons and serpents which had their dens there, and which frequently slew such incautious hunters as might be led thither by their eagerness in the chase. In the midst of their conversation, "a great serpent called a *boa*" (*egressus est foris de oppido vermis magnus qui dicitur boa*) suddenly issued from the ruined town and approached the saints; Tozzo and one of his companions sought refuge in a tree; but St. Gall miraculously slew the assailant, and afterwards cleared the old town of its noxious occupants. In the sequel of their journey, the saints came to a narrow pass in the mountains of Switzerland, called Rosshaupten, which was strictly guarded by a ferocious dragon; they pitched their tent, and spent the night in prayers for the overthrow of the monster, and in the morning they found it stretched lifeless on the ground. St. Maximin, abbot of Micy, in the diocese of Orleans, slew a dragon which vomited flames, and ravaged the country far and wide, sparing neither age nor sex. By his own desire, the saint was buried on the spot where he vanquished this dragon, and many miracles were afterwards performed at his grave. Towards the end of the seventh century, his bones were dug up and carried to the church of Micy, where they were preserved as reliques endowed with miraculous powers. It is probable that these also were nothing more than bones found in an ancient barrow, the hero of which was believed to have slain a dragon. St. Samson, bishop of Dol, slew several dragons in Brittany; St. Gildas destroyed a dragon in Italy; and St. Lifard killed another at

Méhun, in the diocese of Orléans. M. Alfred Maury (in the work indicated at the head of the present article) enumerates nearly forty saints who slew dragons, chiefly in France. There is no room for mistaking the animals slain ; they were the identical dragons of the Teutonic mythology—imaginary beings, in the existence of which we will, fearless of the consequence of our “ irreverence to the saints,” venture to disbelieve.

The outline or groundwork of the lives of many other of the saints is clearly taken from some of the stories of the earlier mythology of the people, or of the mediæval romances which sprung out of it. The saint is often a creature of the imagination ; while sometimes the story is attached to a name which had been handed down almost without history. Thus, from the early writers, we know little more of St. Furseus, than that he was the hero of a vision of purgatory. But a monk, at a later period, has compiled a wild and extravagant life, in which we are told that his father had contracted a secret marriage with a king’s daughter without the monarch’s consent ; and that, when the damsel was discovered to be with child, her father, in his wrath, ordered her to be burnt for her incontinence. As she was dragged to the place of execution, the child, which was Furseus, cried out from its mother’s womb, and declared it was unworthy of a king to condemn his daughter without a trial. The king treated the admonition with contempt, and the lady was thrown into the fire ; but she shed so large a flood of tears that the flames were instantly extinguished. The king, finding that he could not burn his daughter, banished her from his kingdom ; and she gave birth to Furseus in a foreign land. This is an incident which occurs, with some variations, and without the miracle, in several mediæval romances, from one of which it was doubtless taken. The mother of St. Samson of Dol was barren, to the grief of her lord ; they went to a wise man or priest, by whose blessing the lady’s infirmity was removed ; and his prophecy that she should soon give birth to a son was confirmed by the visit of an angel, to announce to the mother her pregnancy. A similar story is told of the birth of St. Molagga, and it is repeated in the legends of other saints. A somewhat similar incident occurs also in some of the mediæval romances, such as that of Robert le Diable ; but, in the *Saints’ Lives*, it is probably imitated directly from the New Testament.

Invention, we are aware, is a rare talent. Nevertheless, we are surprised at finding how often the same incident is repeated in the lives of different saints. St. Moehua was attended by a multitude of people in a wild district, where he had nothing to offer them for food. In this dilemma, the saint called to him stags from the forest, and, having killed them, they were soon eaten up ; but he had given strict orders that the bones and skin should be carefully preserved and kept together. Next morning, after he had said a blessing or a charm over them, the stags were restored to life and vigor, and hurried off to their old haunts in the woods. St. Euchadius was, on one occasion, obliged to kill a favorite cow to regale his guests ; after the meal, he placed the bones in the skin, and restored the animal to life. St. Finnian performed the same exploit with a calf. These are all variations of one original story, and that story, singularly enough, is found in the ancient mythology of the north. We quote it from the readiest source at hand—Pigott’s *Manual of Scandinavian Mythology*, p. 117. Thor, on one of his expeditions against

the giants, went in his ear, drawn by two he-goats, to seek a lodging in the hut of a peasant. “ The peasant’s family consisted of himself and his old wife, and of a son and daughter, Tialf and Roska. The old woman lamented to Thor, that she had nothing to offer him for supper but some roots. Thor answered that he would provide food, and bade her prepare the table. He then took Miölnir, his hammer, and slew his two he-goats ; and having stripped them of their skins, put them into the boiler. The skins were spread out carefully before the hearth, and Thor desired the peasant to be sure to put all the bones into them. When the meat was cooked, they all sat down to supper. * * * * * During the supper, however, Tialf, the boy, had contrived to get a thigh-bone of one of the goats, which he brake for the sake of the marrow. Thor staid over the night in the cottage. The next morning, before dawn, he rose, and taking Miölnir in his hand, he swung it in the air over the goat-skins and bones. The goats immediately sprang up in life and spirits ; but one of them was lame in the hind leg. Thor’s anger on this was kindled. He said that the peasant or his people must have been careless with the bones, seeing that a thigh-bone had been broken.” Mr. Pigott observes in a note, that “ the heathen Finns still take care not to break the bones of the animals which they sacrifice, saying that the gods may put flesh and skin on them again. It would not be easy to conceive a more convincing illustration of the source of the mediæval legends of saints.”

If more of the stories of the earlier mythology of the Teutonic race had been preserved, we should without doubt have been enabled to identify in this manner many particulars in the outlines of the saints’ legends, of the origin of which we are now ignorant. With such a beginning, it was easy to fill the canvass ; and we shall find that, in the composition of the life of a saint almost every class of materials was made to contribute. In illustration of this part of the subject, we would point out to particular attention the number of interesting facts collected together by M. Maury, in his *Essay on the Pious Legends of the Middle Ages*. He has divided the mediæval miracles into three classes—1. Miracles imitated from the gospels, and from the Old Testament ; 2. Legends founded by confounding the figurative meaning with the literal, in consequence of the tendency of uncultivated minds to refer everything to material life ; and, 3. Miracles or legends invented to explain figured symbols or emblematical images, the real meaning of which had been forgotten. Instances of the latter class meet us at almost every turn. We know that even in modern times people are frequently inventing fables to account for pictured representations which have been handed down from the past without any authentic explanation. The number of imitations—evident copies—of the scriptural miracles, found in the legends of the saints, is perfectly extraordinary. M. Maury cites imitations of the annunciation in the lives of fourteen different saints ; twenty-nine imitations of the miraculous multiplication of food, and of the changing of water into wine ; and so on with every miracle in the Old and New Testaments. Instances of the two other

* Several of the saints, like St. Colman, left the imprint of their feet or hands on rocks, which were afterwards worshipped. These marks had no doubt been objects of pagan reverence, as we still find them in the east.

classes of miracles are equally numerous; even the gospel parables, or eastern apologetics, are thus transformed. After this fashion, in the coarse comprehension of these monkish biographers, the odor of sanctity, or its reverse, become material scents; the bones of the saints, when dug up from the grave, smell like roses, while those of sinners and pagans stink insufferably. The new writer of *Saints' Lives* gravely informs us, that "It is said of the holy Sturme, a disciple and companion of Winfrid, that in passing a horde of unconvinced Germans, as they were bathing and gambling in the stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable stench [of sin] which arose from them, that he nearly fainted away." Thus, also, the fervor of holiness becomes a material warmth. It is related in the life of St. Fechin, how his piety was so fervent, that when he bathed himself in cold water, the water was rendered nearly boiling hot. A similar uninspirited conception led the monks of Mont St. Michael to show amongst their reliques the spear and shield with which St. Michael was armed when he encountered the dragon of the Revelations; and we have read that some relic-monger of old, mistaking the symbolical representation of the Holy Spirit for a real pigeon, exhibited to the pious gaze of his hearers a feather of the Holy Ghost!

Then the immense profusion of miracles! This is a characteristic of the mediæval lives of saints, which immediately attracts the attention of the reader. In Scriptural history, the Creator interrupts rarely the laws which he has given to nature, and that only on occasions of extraordinary importance. On the other hand, the monkish saints seem to be so overburdened with the miraculous power, that they daily perform miracles, the only object of which appears to be the relieving themselves of the desire of exercising it. Their frequency must have changed altogether the aspect of society. Prisons are so often miraculously opened by their intervention, that the ordinary course of justice must have been constantly at fault; while between those whom they relieved from wounds and sickness, and the dead whom they recalled to life by dozens and scores, the land must have been peopled for successive generations with a population literally stolen from the grave. When the Franciscans compared the miracles of their founder with those of the Saviour, they boasted that, for Christ's single transformation, St. Francis had exhibited twenty; that Jesus had changed water into wine but once, whereas St. Francis had performed the same miracle thrice; and that in place of the small number of miraculous cures enumerated in the Gospel, St. Francis and his disciples had restored more than a thousand blind to their sight, and more than a thousand lame to the use of their limbs, and had raised more than a thousand dead to life.

The writer of the *Lives of the English Saints* argues insidiously, that as the object of the miracles was teaching, we have no right to judge, by our present standard, of the homely and ridiculous character which they often possess. The criterion which he proposes is, were they fitted to the manners and comprehension of the age? In anything but miracles, an argument like this might have its weight. But, instead of considering the false logic implied in it, let us show that it is founded on an untrue statement. A majority of the saints' miracles are performed for the most frivolous causes—often with selfish motives, and for personal revenge, and very commonly in private. A few examples

taken at random will give the best idea of their usual character.

The object of many of these miracles was the mere personal convenience or advantage of the saint. When St. Mochua wanted a fire in his cell, he called down a flame from heaven to light it. The candles of the saints were often lit in a similar manner. When St. Senan found that he had only one small candle, and that no more were to be obtained, he caused it miraculously to burn during a whole week without consuming. When St. Faro of "Meldis," in Burgundy, was at supper, his cup-bearer let fall the vessel from which he drank, and it was broken to pieces. The saint, by a miracle, made it whole, and continued his meal. St. Goar, of Treves, seeking a beam to hang up his cape, saw a sunbeam that came through the window, on which he suspended it, and it remained hanging there till he took it down. The biographer observes, that "It is not to be wondered at if a ray of the sun assumed the hardness of wood in obedience to the holy man, since, to one who lives in devout intimacy with the Creator, the creature is also subjected by the Creator's will." The same miracle was performed by (among others) St. Aicadrus, abbot of Jumièges, who similarly hung up his gloves on a sunbeam. St. Leufroi, when in summer the flies infested his cell, and settled on his food, drove them away by a miracle. By another miracle, St. Columbanus kept the grubs from his cabbages, when other gardens were overrun by them. St. Cuthbert, in a similar manner, kept the field he had sown with corn from the intrusion of birds. St. Fechin, on his return from a distant excursion, finding that he had a long way to travel before he regained his monastic home, and perceiving the approach of night, caused the sun to stand still, in order that he might not be overtaken by darkness. Thus the miracle which God had once vouchsafed in the hour of battle for the salvation of his chosen people, was here repeated at the caprice of an individual, to avoid a very slight inconvenience. The want of a meal was a sufficient cause for a miracle. When St. Fintan expected company, having no flour to make bread, and there being no water to turn the mill, he ordered the mill to work of itself, and it obeyed. When St. Cadoc was travelling in Cornwall, and overtaken by thirst in a district where there was no water, he struck his staff into the ground, and a beautiful stream at once administered to his wants. When St. Mæl was in want of fishes, he caught them on dry ground; and when another Irishman, St. Berach, wanted fruit, he caused the willows to bear apples. When St. Aidan, bishop of Ferns, was hungry, he took a handful of leaves and turned them into bread; and when St. Fechin wanted meat, he took acorns and turned them into pork. St. Tillo, on visiting his monks, finding they had no wine to give him, filled their barrel by a miracle. St. Romaric also miraculously filled a vessel with wine, and another with ale. Turning water into wine was the most common of miracles.

In the course of their travels, the saints had still more frequent occasions for the exertion of their miraculous powers; which, to judge from the narratives of their biographers, must have rendered their labors extremely easy. In the first place, they were not liable to be wet. When St. Albin, a French saint of the sixth century, (even in his youth,) went forth with his companions, he alone was untouched by the heaviest rain. When St. Roger, abbot of Elant, fell into a river, he was

brought out perfectly dry. The saints, indeed, seem to have possessed the same power over the elements as the witches and sorcerers, from whom probably the idea was derived. St. Columbanus forbade the rain to wet his corn in harvest time; and when the reapers of St. Geneviève were occupied in the field, she ordered the rain away, that they might not be inconvenienced by it. When St. Gildas and his companions resolved to take their lodging in an island that was inconveniently small, it miraculously expanded at their desire. When St. Trivier, with two or three companions, was on his way to Italy, and they lost their way in the woods, at his prayer two wolves came forward to offer themselves as guides. It may be observed, too, that he must have been only a second-rate saint; for Bolland, who prints his life from a manuscript, acknowledges that he could not find his name in any of the calendars. When St. Fechin was travelling, he came to where a large tree had fallen across his path; instead of taking the trouble to walk round or scramble over it, he merely ordered it to make way; and immediately it raised itself upright in its place. St. Dominic, under similar circumstances, beheld a large beech-tree falling upon him; he stretched out his arms towards it, and it drew itself back, and fell in the contrary direction. St. Corbinian travelled on horseback from France to Bavaria; in his way through a forest, a savage bear rushed out, and killed and devoured his horse; another saint would have restored the horse to life, but a word from Corbinian rendered the bear as tame as a lamb; the saint saddled and bridled it, and so proceeded on his journey. On St. Mochua getting tired of walking, he called to the nearest wood for a wild stag, which became as tame as St. Corbinian's bear.

No amount of water was any obstacle to their progress. When St. Mochua, with his disciples, came to a deep and rapid river, he threw his cloak on the water, and they all passed over upon it as in a boat. A lady saint, St. Fanchea, passed over the sea on her cloak in a similar manner. In the popular mythology, we frequently meet with nymphs and witches passing the water on carpets, sieves, or other articles of magical power. Another lady, St. Cannera the virgin, when she had to pass the sea, walked upon the water. This was a very common practice. One day as St. Seothinus was walking in this manner across the Irish channel, he met St. Barras the bishop passing him in a ship. The bishop appears to have been jealous, and asked him what he was walking upon; to which St. Seothinus replied that it was a beautiful green meadow. When St. Barras denied this, he stooped down and gathered a handful of fresh flowers; St. Barras, to refute him in his own way of arguing, also stooped down, and, dipping his hand in the water, drew it out full of fishes. This is duly set forth in the authentic life of the saint printed by Colgan. St. Aidan, or Maedhog, bishop of Fern, at the beginning of the seventh century, was one day walking over the sea from Ireland to Wales; upon which an angel came and checked him for his presumption in performing a miracle like this without God's permission. He returned, however, by the same road; and on his arrival in Ireland, finding that he had inadvertently left a bell behind him, he had only to wish for it, and the sea brought it over to the Irish shore. This saint subsequently made practice of taking his horse exercise at sea. Either the same, or another saint with a similar name, drove a wagon and a team of horses over an

Irish bog; and as often as he and his friends went out to sea on horseback, the water became hard under their horses' hoofs. The saints who rode thus were chiefly Irish; and every one acquainted with the fairy mythology of the sister island will remember its stories of troops of horsemen riding over lakes and seas. Other saints advanced a step in the miraculous. St. Patrick passed over the sea, and St. Cuanna over a lake, mounted on a large flag-stone instead of a boat. When St. Cadoc came with twenty-four of his disciples to a wide and rapid river, he struck it with his staff; the waters separated, and left a dry path to the other side. In like manner, St. Serenius caused the waters of a river in the diocese of Sens, in France, to divide, that he might pass over dry. These, of course, are imitations of the passage of the Red Sea by the people of Israel.

There is another problem, which has attracted the attention of several ingenious persons—the possibility of being in two places at once. The saints long ago approached very near to its solution. The compiler of the original life of St. Cadoc, having confounded a British saint with an Italian, and finding that the same person was thus on the same day in Italy and in Britain, tells us that, as he was occupied about his affairs in the latter country, he was suddenly seized up in a cloud or whirlwind, and that in the winking of an eye (*quasi in palpebra motu*) he was set down at Beneventum. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this was precisely the method of travelling practised by the witches, fairies, and other beings of the popular creed. Several saints might be mentioned as repeating this experiment of passing to a distant place "in the winking of an eye." St. Seothinus, already cited for his exploits on the sea, usually went to Rome in a day, transacted his business there the same evening, and returned to Ireland the next morning.

We may trace this rage for miracles into every department of the monastic life. When St. Fechin designed to build a magnificent church in a valley that was too narrow, he ordered one of the hills to move further off, and was obeyed. When St. Laumer was building a monastery at the place called after him, Laumer-le-Moutier, a large oak stood in a position where it was difficult for the woodmen to cut it; he said a prayer, (a Pagan would have called it a charm,) and the oak at once moved to a more convenient place. St. Maedhog was desirous of building, and had no architect; he took the hand of a rough, untaught laborer, named Gobban, and blest it; and Gobban in an instant became a most skilful architect, and built for the saint a noble church.* One of the most common miracles connected with the building, was that of lengthening a beam which the carpenter had made too short. This was performed by St. Amatus and St. Gall for their cells or oratories; and by St. Pardulf, St. Æmilian, and St. Augustine of Canterbury, for their monasteries and churches. It was repeated by several English saints. The earlier monasteries were sometimes built in elevated positions; when the monks complained of the labor of fetching water from the plain, their founders, as in the cases of St. Benedict and St. Basoli, brought the fountains to the top of the hill. St. Fechin

* "Quodam tempore cum B. Maedhog basilicam sibi aedificare voluisse, non potuit artificem tum invenire. Confidens in Deo, benedixit manus cuiusdam inerudit nomine Gobbanii, et statim subtilissimus artifex est factus. Postea in summâ arte illam basilicam aedificavit." —Acta Sanctorum Bolland., Mens. Jan., vol. ii., p. 1118.

built a mill on a hill-top; the carpenter employed upon it accidentally exclaimed, in the midst of his work, that he wished he might live till he saw there water to work it. The saint reproved him for his want of faith, and walked to a lake about a mile distant, into which he threw his stick; the stick followed him on his return, and the water after it; a plentiful stream soon set the mill to work.

It would be an endless task, and by no means an agreeable one, to mention all the different miracles said to have been performed, with no other object than to increase the comforts of the monks, individually or collectively, as soon as they were established in their monasteries. St. Fechin's monastery had once the misfortune to have a monk so ugly that he was ashamed to show himself among his brethren; the saint spat on the ground, and anointed his ill-favored features—they instantly underwent so great a change, that he was ever afterwards remarkable for his beauty. St. Berach also made an ugly man handsome, and a short man long. St. Gerald and St. Abban, both Irish saints, changed girls into boys. All these are incidents of the old fairy legends. The same may be said of another marvel; that of purses or vessels endowed with the quality of furnishing a constant supply of money or liquor. The stories figure among the myths of the Scandinavians and Germans. St. Odilo of Cluny, visiting a dependent cell, found that there was only a small vessel full of wine to serve a large number of monks; nothing daunted, he ordered them to pass it round, and, after every one had drunk his fill, the vessel was found to be just as full as when they began. A similar miracle was ascribed to St. Patrick. There can be but little doubt, but that the principal precedent upon which the worthy man proceeded in this instance, would be that of Elijah and the widow's cruise.

As we have already intimated, many of these miracles were performed with no other apparent object than the gratification of a very petty feeling of revenge. St. Roger, abbot of Elant, was treated with disrespect at a priory he visited; he went away praying fervently that the uncourteous monks might be punished. The priory immediately took fire and was burnt to the ground. A man who refused to carry St. Fechin in his boat, was drowned. St. Cadoc made some trifling demand of a peasant, which the latter refused jeeringly; the saint turned up his eyes to heaven—and at his prayer fire came down and destroyed the clown who had thus offended him. Men who laughed at St. Prajectus of Clairmont, were struck dead. A monk, who had offended St. Molagga, died immediately. This revengeful feeling of the saints was cherished even towards animals. In the Life of St. Bertulf, we are told that a monk named Leopardus had the care of his vineyard, where, one day, he found a fox devouring a bunch of grapes. Leopardus rebuked the fox, and forbade its touching the grapes in future. But the fox, unable to resist the temptation, returned to the vineyard, seized a bunch of grapes in its mouth, and instantly dropped down dead. St. Attracta changed dogs, which disobeyed her, into stones. The same fate was experienced by two wolves, which attacked the sheep of St. Cadoc. As St. Marius, abbot of Revons in France, in the sixth century, was proceeding to visit his dependent cells, a dog ran after him and tore his robe. A simple ejaculation from the saint was sufficient to call two wolves from a neighboring wood: and they immediately devoured the offending animal. St. Ebrulf had a monastery in the wilderness

of Ouche; a raven built its nest near him, and frequently stole the provisions of the monks; on which one of them, who wished to try his hand at a miracle in imitation of his master, prayed that it might be punished, and it was immediately afterwards found dead. A raven flew away with one of the gloves belonging to Columbanus; but it came back and restored it at the call of the saint. In the same manner a fox, which had stolen a cock belonging to St. Condeodus the hermit, was made to bring back its prey with the greatest contrition. Some crows carried away part of the thatch of St. Cuthbert's hut to build their nests; at his rebuke, they not only made an apology, but they brought him a piece of hog's lard, (which they must have stolen from somebody,) to make him amends for the injury he had sustained. This miracle is told by Bede, whose authority our modern miracle-mongers look upon it as little less than blasphemy to doubt.

The class of miracles which our new writers of saints' lives are willing to consider as coming under the title of "grotesque," but which they think there is nevertheless "no ground for rejecting," is also extremely numerous. We confess that we do not always very easily perceive their object or utility, even for "teaching." For instance, St. James of Tarentaise, a disciple of St. Honoratus, hoping to conciliate the favor of the Burgundian prince, Gundicarius, by a present of ice in the summer, carried it on the back of an ass: by miraculous intercession, the sun, though intensely hot, had no effect upon it. But the saint and his attendants, having forgotten to put themselves under the protection of the miracle, were soon overcome by the heat, and they retired to a shady spot to seek repose. Here a raven suddenly pounced upon the head of the ass, tore out one of its eyes, and flew away. The saint, on learning what had happened, made a hasty invocation: upon this, the raven instantly returned croaking forth its penitence, and carrying the eye in its beak. The eye was replaced in its socket, and, wonderful to relate! the sight of the ass was so perfectly restored, that the animal arose more vigorous than ever, and continued its journey. The Irish St. Ita, finding a man with his head cut off, restored it to his shoulders, and sent him about his business. St. Cronan caused a wild beast, which had killed and eaten a man, to reject the meal from its stomach, and he then brought back the man to life. St. Maclou found a boy weeping for the death of one of his swine; he stretched out his hand, and it immediately rose up alive. St. Melorus having lost his hand, caused another to be made of silver, which became fixed to his arm and as pliable as a hand of flesh and muscles. St. Benedict employed a man to clear the thorns and brushwood from the side of a lake, and lent him an axe for the purpose. While he was actively employed in his work, the head of the axe flew from the handle into the lake. St. Benedict, informed of this accident, took the handle, blessed it, and cast it into the lake; it sank, and then returned to the surface of the water, with the head firmly attached to it. St. Leufroi performed the same miracle in a river. Both, of course, copies of the miracle of the prophet Elisha, in the Old Testament.

Such, it appears, is the trash in which "devout minds" are required to believe; and for the sake of believing which, we are called upon to relinquish our right of investigating and judging. We have taken our examples very indiscriminately, from less than a tithe of the materials of this description which have been committed to print, and among which

may be found many more absurd miracles than any here alluded to. Several, indeed, of the very worst class are retailed with becoming gravity in the *Lives of the English Saints*, which are lying before us. What, for instance, shall we think of the following? We are told of St. Augustine's missionary wanderings, that "there is no record, or even tradition, of his reception in the north of England having been otherwise than favorable, and even hearty. Very different from this are the accounts of his travels in Dorsetshire. While there, we hear of his having come to one village where he was received with every species of insult. The wretched people, not content with heaping abusive words upon the holy visitors, assailed them with missiles, in which work, the place being probably a seaport, the sellers of fish are related to have been peculiarly active. Hands, too, were laid upon the archbishop and his company. Finding all efforts useless, the godly band shook off the dust from their feet and withdrew. The inhabitants are said to have suffered the penalty of their impieties even to distant generations. All the children born from that time bore and transmitted the traces of their parents' sin in the shape of a loathsome deformity."—(*Life of St. Augustine*, p. 327.) The insult put upon the saints was that of attaching the tails of fish behind their robes. To explain the nature of the deformity, it will be enough to state that, according to the narrator of this miracle, the inhabitants of the village in question were ever afterwards born with tails! It was probably in reference to this judgment, pronounced on some of their countrymen by their great apostle, that the English crusaders who accompanied Richard I. are reported to have been mocked with the title of *caudati*, or the people having tails.

Vast as was the number of miracles said to have been performed by the saints while alive, they bear no comparison with those performed in after ages by their bones. This is one of the many startling problems, which are to be found among Pascal's "Thoughts." "The lives of saints," says their modern biographer, in "many cases do not end with their deaths; their influence over the visible church is often more signally exerted through their relics than it was in their sojourn upon earth. Somewhat of that power which they now have in their glorified state is permitted to be transfused into their mortal remains, and through them to act upon the church. Many of the saints have lived and died almost in obscurity, whose relics have worked wonders for centuries; God, who saw them in secret while on earth, thus manifesting them openly after He has taken them from us." In fact, some of the saints, who lived not in obscurity, but of whose lives we have more authentic memorials than of the others, worked no miracles until ages after their death; and when their marvellous qualities had become a matter of pecuniary importance.

It takes but a step to pass from the age of saints to that of relics. The worship of relics, and a faith in the miracles performed by them, are surely a degrading superstition under any system. In all ages, and under all creeds, a reverence for the memory of the individual has often been transmitted to his mortal remains, and to the spot in which they are deposited. It is the same universal sentiment, which makes us desire to fix some lasting memorial over the graves of departed friends; and in credulous ages, it easily degenerated into a belief that the relics of the dead possessed something more of the living individual than their mere physical structure might indicate. Under this impression, the bones

of the saints (the most durable parts of their frames) were looked upon as representing the saints upon earth, and purified from fleshly taints. From this supposition it was an easy step to believe that they possessed the power of working miracles—greater than they have worked while in the flesh. For it seems to have been the vulgar notion, that the miracle was not so much done by God at the saint's intercession, as by some mysterious influence with which the latter was endowed. The bodies of individuals whose sanctity was thus acknowledged became the objects of pilgrimage, and were believed to perform miraculous cures on those who solicited their aid. As few would seek a benefit of this kind without making some offering in return, (this offering being not unfrequently the measure of the efficiency of the relics,) they soon became a source of great riches to the church or monastery which possessed them. When this was once discovered, the relics themselves increased rapidly in number; until there was scarcely a parish church but, if it could not boast of a whole saint, could at least show a fragment of one. This gave rise to an extensive and disgraceful system of jugglery and deception, which was carried to the most extraordinary lengths. It was only necessary to open some long-forgotten grave, or to meet by accident with a heap of unknown bones; a monk of the house was brought forward to declare that he had received a divine intimation, either in a vision or in a dream, that they were the remains of a saint; the bones were carried with great ceremony into the church; and, if such a saint had never been heard of before, the fertile brains of the same or of some other monk, soon produced a life filled with marvellous details. Such, in all probability, was the origin of three fourths of the saints in the calendar. Whence the materials were chiefly derived, has been already shown. We have seen, in at least one instance, bones taken out of a Pagan barrow and turned to this purpose. The period during which the greatest number of relics were thus miraculously discovered, was that of the rebuilding of monasteries which followed the devastating invasions of the Danes and Normans.

It was a very suspicious circumstance attendant on these relics, that in general they gave no miraculous evidence of their existence, except while they were in the hands of those who were making a profit of them. St. Marcellus, the pope, was buried in the monastery of Hautmont, in the diocese of Cambrai. It had been almost destroyed by the Huns, and lay ruined and neglected till the eleventh century. At that period, Abbot Ursio ruled over it; and it was reduced to such extreme poverty that, tormented by enemies, and perhaps by creditors, the abbot searched every part of the house in the hope of discovering some lost object of value which might be turned into money. Abbot Ursio and his monks found, accordingly, in a lumber-room a coffer of silver; but they were totally ignorant of its contents, and are said to have felt some unaccountable hesitation in opening it. After consulting together, they laid their doubts before the Bishop of Cambrai, and, by his advice, proceeded to examine it with becoming reverence. When they opened it, a sweet odor issued from the interior, where they found a parcel of bones, which document—placed there, it was said, in the time of Dagobert—stated to be the relics of St. Marcellus. There was now nothing but rejoicing among the poverty-stricken monks. A new and elegant shrine was constructed; the bones, which had been so long dormant, began to work miracles anew; and a

crowd of devout worshippers soon relieved the monastery from its pecuniary difficulties. The tomb of St. Frodoberth had in like manner been forgotten, and the church in which he lay had long been a ruin. As long as they had been unknown, his bones had worked no miracles; but some pious and rich individual took it into his head to rebuild the church in a stately manner. Upon this, the saint gave information of his resting-place; and, as soon as due honors and *offerings* were paid to his tomb, he vouchsafed to perform an endless list of miraculous cures.

We are the more surprised at the caprice with which the relics sometimes kept themselves long hidden, when we compare this with the jealousy with which, at other times, they punished the slightest disrespect or neglect. When enemies ravaged the territory of Arbonne, a soldier who attempted to open the coffin of St. Gall was seized with madness. A man who struck the tomb of St. Erminold irreverently, fell down dead. A hundred similar instances might be quoted. This jealousy was cherished even against those who robbed the shrine of its dues. A good dame of Ratisbon, unable by the severity of her disease to go herself, sent another woman, who dwelt with her in the same house, to offer for her a piece of money and light candles at the tomb of St. Erminold. She came with a crowd of devotees, and offered her money and lighted her candles; but, incited by covetousness, in the confusion created by the crowd of offerings, she drew back the money with her hand. She was putting it in her purse, when her fingers became suddenly stiff and contracted, and adhered so firmly to the coin, that she was compelled in her agony to confess her crime. On receiving absolution, her hand was restored to its natural condition. Considering the innumerable miracles of this kind which are related in the Romish legends, it seems remarkable that, when the reformers (who certainly provoked such manifestations as much as any pagan invaders) drew forth these time-worn relics at a later period, and scattered them to the winds, no miracle was ever wrought for their protection. The age of saints' relics, as well as that of saints' miracles, was then past; and a second time—

" Peor and Baalim
Forsook their temples dim."

In older times, if we believe their story, this jealous spirit of self-defence was often found necessary to guard against pious, as well as impious, depredators. For the possession of relics was sometimes the cause of dire war, even between the inmates of different religious establishments. When St. Fanchea died in Ireland, the inhabitants of two petty kingdoms assembled in separate parties to fight for her body, almost as soon as the breath had left it. Instead of loathing the quarrelsome spirit which had brought them together, the saint declared by a miracle to which party she wished to belong. The body of St. Furieus, in like manner, was nearly the subject of a battle.

Sometimes, when a larger or more influential party were in want of the relics of a saint of celebrity, they looked round for a weaker who possessed them, and plotted a pious theft. If they succeeded, it was a miracle by which the saint showed his preference for the new place of abode; if they failed, the miracle was in favor of the old possessors. The bones of St. Neot were preserved at the church in which he had been buried, St. Neot's in Cornwall, until the year 974. A powerful Saxon

earl at that time founded a priory at Eynesbury, now St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, and wanted a patron saint. He obtained for his praiseworthy attempt the sanction of three powerful individuals, Brithnud of Ely, Athelwold bishop of Winchester, and King Edgar. The official guardian of the shrine in Cornwall was corrupted; he secretly fled with the treasure entrusted to his care, reached Huntingdonshire in safety, and was received into the earl's house, as the monastic buildings were not yet completed. The people of the Cornish St. Neot's, when they discovered the theft, armed themselves hastily, and pursued the fugitive to Eynesbury, where they besieged the house, and demanded their relics. But the king sent an armed force to drive the Cornishmen out of the village, with orders to put them to the sword without mercy, in case of resistance. It was proclaimed that the saint, having been disgusted with the sins of the Cornishmen, had miraculously made known his wish to seek a new and more splendid shrine in the county of Huntingdon.

In the tenth century, the relics of St. Bertulf were deposited at Boulogne. They were one night stolen in order to be carried over to England to King Athelstan; but the robber had proceeded no further than the Flemish port of Audinghem, when he was overtaken by the clergy of Boulogne, and obliged to surrender his prey. A miracle had withheld him from passing the sea. In the latter part of the eleventh century, the clergy of Laon made an attempt to steal the body of St. Theodoric, (or Thierri,) abbot of Rheims, which had been laid in a richly ornamented coffin by Abbot Raimbald. There was at this time a dispute between the clergy of Laon and the abbot of Rheims. The relics of St. Theodoric were carried to Laon to decide the cause, and were honorably received in the church. As appears to have been the custom in such cases, the guards of the sacred deposit were chosen from the clergy of Laon, and not from those of Rheims. This circumstance furnished the looked-for opportunity for the theft. In the dead of the night, when the treacherous keepers were intentionally off their guard, two persons entered the church, silently lifted the cover of the shrine, and put in their hands. To their astonishment they found the coffer empty. Supposing that they had been anticipated, they left the church as noiselessly as they came; and the clergy of Rheims carried home their relics in safety. The thieves, however, subsequently made a full confession: and it was placed among one of the most remarkable miracles of the saint, how his relics had become invisible and intangible, when an attempt was made to steal them. This system of relic-stealing had become so common, that in some houses extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent it. We are told that it was an ordinance strictly enforced in the church of St. Cadoc at Beneventum, that no native of the British Isles should be allowed to pass the threshold, in consequence of an old prophecy that a monk of Lanceran would one day steal and carry away St. Cadoc's relics. Other arts than that of robbery were employed at times to gain possession of relics. St. Romanus, the abbot, was buried at Fontrouge, near Auxerre. It appears that the clergy of this place did not make the most of his relics, and, under pretence that the saint was dissatisfied with so obscure a resting-place, they were removed to a church in Auxerre. There they soon became famous for miraculous cures, and the bishop, not without much trouble, effected their translation to his cathedral. But even

here they were not allowed to rest quietly; for, at a subsequent period, the Archbishop of Sens employed similar intrigues to obtain them for the metropolitan church.

It was not only found necessary to guard against these attempts to steal the bodies of the saints; there were many depredators on a smaller scale, who attempted to gain possession of a bone or a fragment. In such cases the bones, when taken away, either lost their power of working miracles, or they became hurtful, and even fatal, in the hands of their new possessors. The bodies of St. Deiculus and St. Columbanus were deposited in shrines in the church of Lure. The Countess Hildegardis was anxious to carry some portion of the relicts with her into Alsace; she went to the church, and tried in vain to lift the cover of the coffin of St. Deiculus. As she persisted in her attempt, a sudden earthquake, accompanied with thick darkness, shook the monastery from its foundation, and struck the inmates with terror. The countess now desisted; and, turning to the shrine of St. Columbanus, opened it with comparative ease, and abstracted a tooth. From this moment, until the time she returned, and publicly restored the tooth, we are told that the countess was never free from excruciating toothache! When the relics of St. Genevieve were carried about in fear of the Norman invaders, an abbot, Herebert, more pious than wise, (*zetur quidem pietatis habens, sed non secundum scientiam,*) stole one of the teeth; but he was punished with a succession of fearful dreams and visions, until he restored it. Something of a similar kind happened to the relics of the Belgian hermit, St. Gerlac. A stranger came from a distance to offer at his shrine, and under pretence of devoutly kissing his head, drew out a tooth unperceived, and went his way, exulting in the possession of so holy a relic. His joy, however, was not of long duration; for, within a year, he brought back the relic in penitent humility, and showed the guardians of the shrine that, in the interim, he had himself lost every tooth in his head.

When, however, the clergy *sold* their relics, which they often did by bit and bit, their virtues remained unimpaired; and this became, in course of time, a very lucrative source of revenue. Long before the reformation, the bones (or pretended bones) of the principal saints of the Romish ritual had been scattered over every part of Europe; and, by some mysterious power of development of multiplication, there were often found as many heads, arms, hands, &c., of the same saint, as, put together, would have made a dozen individuals.

Such is, in brief, the history of saints' lives and saints' miracles. It must be confessed not a very flattering one for human reason; although an instructive one for those who would study the errors of the past in the light of a warning for the future. The reformers were not far from the truth when they charged with idolatry the church of the middle ages; that church which, after it had once lost its original purity, seems to have gone on adopting some of the most exceptionable characteristics of almost every pagan creed with which it came in contact. At first, probably, these corruptions were taken up unwittingly; and various allusions in old canons and homilies would seem to show, that there were at all times enlightened members of the Roman communion, who set their faces against them. There are instances of fathers of the mediæval church lifting up their voices against these pretended miracles, as mere instruments of worldly vanity.

Few, indeed, of the wiser Catholics, even of the middle ages, who must have known well the secrets of their order, can have ever looked upon them as anything better than as parts of the painful chapter of serviceable frauds.

If anything on such a subject ought to astonish us, the *revival* of these legends in our own age and country is surely an astonishing phenomenon. But it is useless to talk of reason and of evidence to enthusiasts, young or old, who have made up their minds to believe, without evidence and against reason. We will end with a modern story, which our readers may apply. Everybody has read of the miraculous cures performed, not long ago, by Prince Hohenlohe. In 1821, the magistrates of Bamberg forbade him to exercise his miraculous powers without first acquainting the police, nor unless in the presence of a commission deputed by the authorities, nor unless one or more physicians were in attendance. The prince appealed to the pope. The pope ordered him to conform to the restrictions. The miracles have not been heard of since.

—“Ghosts prudently withdraw at peep of day.”

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

It is nearly thirty years ago, when I was a judge of the state council, that I received a commission to inspect the prisons and hospitals of several departments. The fulfilment of this duty took me to the town of —, to visit the lunatic asylum there. I had surveyed the portion of the building where the men were confined; the steward and physician had accompanied me from cell to cell, pointing out, with all the coolness of habit, every variety in this mournful spectacle. These excellent men, whose lives were patiently devoted to their melancholy duties, who had dedicated themselves with zeal to this work of humanity, seemed to be showing me the rooms of a museum, and explaining objects of natural history. They gratified my curiosity; they related to me acts of insanity which I had not the opportunity of witnessing; they recounted fits of frenzy of some of the wretched beings whom I beheld calm and prostrate in a corner of their cell; they encouraged the conversation of those lunatics, who were so tractable as to be allowed to wander about their cells.

Their cheerful manner of speaking to them bore almost the appearance of gayety, and I, who am far from being capable of such self-sacrifice, such devotion; I, who in my whole life shall not do as much good as they did in a day, could not conquer my emotion: feelings of repugnance and pity froze my heart, and made my hair stand on end. I longed to finish this sad visit, and to get out of this painful abode. We went into the hospital of the women; I was first conducted into a room where the sisters of charity were attending as superintendents to the duties of the infirmary. After some words addressed to the superior, we were about to proceed on the new round, when we saw a young sister approach the physician, and ask him timidly, and in a faltering voice, “How is he to-day?” I looked at her attentively; she appeared to possess beauty, but had a countenance of deep melancholy. The physician replied, “What can you expect!—there can be no change.” Then, turning to me, “She asks,” he said, “after one of the lunatics in whom she is much interested.” And the steward

added, "It is the one in No. 17, at the end of the passage ; I pointed him out to you." In fact, I recollect a young man, that I had seen tied to his bed, struggling with his bonds and shrieking fearfully.

"Why is she interested in this wretched man?" asked I.

"It is a very melancholy story, sir," answered the physician.

The sister of charity, perceiving that we were speaking of her, retired directly. An expression of absolute despair was depicted on her face.

The superior then addressed me, saying, "Sir, if you wish to know the terrible affliction which brought Sister Margaret here, and which induced her to take this vocation, I will let you read the account written by herself. When she came to us, the poor girl had not strength to tell us her history. She had written it circumstantially, and put it into my hands."

I hastened to conclude my visit ; my imagination was affected by what I had seen and heard. The mournful countenance of the sister of charity was constantly before my eyes. I felt no longer any interest or sympathy in the distressing sights around me. I completed mechanically my affair of inspection. When I came out, the superior placed a roll of paper in my hands. I returned home directly, and read the following narrative :

"I am the only daughter of a well-known physician, in the province of _____. He had the reputation of a learned, skilful, and honorable man. He had particularly devoted himself to the study and care of mental maladies. After the death of my mother, he had even founded an asylum for the insane, and occupied himself there, as much from benevolence as from love of his profession. The house was large, and the garden extensive ; the unfortunate patients were not numerous, and each of them could be attended with the greatest care. As for me, I inhabited a separate part of the building, with my father ; he did not choose me to witness the frightful spectacle of violent insanity. I never approached the body of the building where the lunatics subject to rigorous treatment were confined ; still I sometimes heard their cries, and never without shuddering. But those who were harmless, or whose convalescence was certain, were allowed to walk in the garden. They were left almost at liberty ; often they even approached our part of the building, and could easily have opened the trellis-gate which separated the garden from the little enclosure reserved for ourselves. They were not allowed to come in, but the keepers were not there ; besides, it was my father's wish that these poor creatures should be treated with extreme gentleness.

"One day that I was seated on a bank, where I was accustomed to read or work, I found a young man, that I did not know, there. I immediately drew back, and even felt a species of alarm. 'Ah ! madam,' he said to me, 'it is a very cruel fate to inspire such repugnance, that even compassion is stifled.' These words made a painful impression on me. I should have reproached myself for giving pain to a being already so unhappy : the idea of causing in him a sensation which might increase or renew his malady, also arose in my mind. I had heard my father say, that frequently a painful impression, however transient, might bring on attacks of insanity, and renew mental disorder. 'Sir,' said I, 'do you wish to speak to my father ?' He understood that I feigned to take him for a

stranger. 'I belong to the establishment, madam,' he replied, 'I am one of those unhappy men whom your father hopes to cure ; you know this well. I alarm you ; but tranquillize yourself, I hurt no one. It is even said, that I am more rational latterly. To prove it to you, I leave you ; I ought not to be here ; it is forbidden—is it not ?' He arose, and withdrew quietly, leaving me much disturbed. I told my father of this meeting. 'He really is very gentle,' said he, 'and the disease of his mind does not appear very serious. I even hesitate whether I should not receive him into the house. In the eyes of most people he would have passed for sane, as much as those who are at liberty ; but I have been so much accustomed to these unfortunate maladies, that I feel assured this case will increase, and get worse ; therefore I have put him under a salutary discipline, and, above all, kept him away from every circumstance under which his reason has become disturbed.' I asked my father, with some interest, in what his madness consisted. 'It will appear strange, yet it is not without example ; he thinks himself mad, he proves himself to be insane, and is in despair. Nothing can dissuade or console him ; no occupation, no study can succeed in diverting him. He believes himself incapable of doing anything ; he cannot follow reading, and says that he cannot understand—that the connexion of ideas escapes him ; this, in fact, is the case. He himself came and asked to be admitted among my patients. "I ought to be there," said he, "that is my proper place ; I am not fit to be among rational people." He asked to see the rooms ; he chose his own ; had all his furniture taken there, made all his arrangements, and took possession of them on the appointed day. This is about three weeks ago. Since that time I think him better. His regular way of living agrees with him. Out of this place, the rallying of his friends excited him. This idea became rooted because it was combated. Here no one mentions it to him, and he mentions it to no one. I never try to prove to him that he is sane ; but, without as yet avowing it, he compares himself with the other madmen. The disorder of their ideas strikes him, and, by returning to himself, he begins to be persuaded that, in fact, he is not like them.'

"These details interested me. On the following days, I sometimes asked my father after this young man. 'His malady has changed its character a little,' he told me one day. 'He has fits of frenzy ; but that is not a reason for despairing of his cure ; only I must not leave him in the neighborhood of other patients, whose attacks might produce on him a contagious effect. I am inclined to give him a room in our wing. If during some days he has no fresh attack, I will decide on doing so. This young man interests me ; I am determined to cure him.'

"About a week afterwards, I was seated on my bank, when I saw him quietly open the gate of our enclosure. As he was entering, one of the keepers ordered him, in a harsh tone, to return to the garden, and even advanced to take him. A sort of shuddering came over the patient, and a light gleamed in his eyes, and he appeared shocked at this rudeness. I felt frightened—his eye was fixed upon me ; he understood my sensations, and grew calm immediately ; his looks became submissive, humble, and dejected ; he quietly obeyed the keeper, when my father, who had seen everything from the window, called out, 'No, leave him alone ; there is no harm in it.' The young man turned

back. 'Oh! how kind you are,' he said. The sound of his voice dissipated my fears; he came near me, and sat down on the bank. 'I have suffered much,' he said, 'since the last time I came here; my illness has made terrible progress. I know it too well; your father would not believe me. All is over for me; I have a horror of life, such as Providence has destined me to. I do not know how I dare appear before you; I am ashamed of my state. Can you conceive it, madam—it was necessary to bind me, and I tried to kill them? Oh! they were too harsh to me; that straight waistcoat—my arms bound—their threats and violent language. Your father does not know all.' He became excited by these painful recollections: I looked at him—he became quiet. 'My father thinks you really much better,' I answered; 'he says that you will recover from these attacks, and this fever.' 'Call things by their right names,' he exclaimed: 'do not spare me. I have still sense to understand your precautions; they wound me. Openly compassionate the poor madman.' 'You do yourself much harm, sir. If you would not give way to your melancholy, and to your exaggerated ideas, you would not be so ill as you are. I am sure that it is only affliction, and that you have been unhappy.' 'Yes, I have been unhappy; I have been forsaken and betrayed. I found myself alone in the world, with no one to pity or to understand me: my reason gave way. It is here, in this asylum for madmen, that, for the first time, I have found pity and sympathy. Thanks to you and to your father, who speak so gently to me, and whose looks are a balm to my heart, that calms me, and makes me think that I am like other people. Without being afraid, I felt uneasy as soon as he began to talk. He excited himself; his speech became short and abrupt; the tone of his voice became elevated. Something vague and confused seemed to take possession of his thoughts. My father came and joined us. His presence laid restraint on him; he became like a child before a master that he respects. 'I am very glad that you have paid us a visit; you may come and see us from time to time, but you must be quiet and well-behaved—understand me—or I shall not allow you to be with my daughter.' He came from time to time; his attacks did not return, and, by degrees, he left off speaking of his madness. More connected remembrances of his childhood and his youth returned to his mind; his father had died insane, and this thought had always haunted him, dreading that the malady was hereditary. He related his solitary life in the country; his melancholy disposition; the time passed at college, where the railing of his companions made him wretched; the little taste that he had for the amusements of youth, and the life of the world; how he always thought that he was considered disagreeable and ridiculous; how every one conspired against him; how he became a prey to sorrow, by indulging ideas of which at times he recognized the falseness. In short, the history of a timid, distrustful, unhealthy mind; predestined, one may say, to lose reason.

"I did him good; I felt it, even more than he said it, and it was a source of great happiness to me. I listened to him, without ever contradicting him, taking interest naturally in all that he told me. I took care to interrupt him carelessly, when his conversation showed too much excitement; and I never allowed him to confuse or hurry his ideas. Often, to amuse him, and to break the

thread of some melancholy discourse, I took my guitar and sang. This was a great pleasure to him, and a certain way of calming him. The poor young man compared himself to Saul, furious, composed by the song of David. He wept at the thought, and I wept also. My father thought him well enough to give him a room in our wing. He became every day more attached to him, and flattered himself with the hope of effecting a complete cure. From that time he joined our family circle, and grew very tranquil. He was of a very gentle disposition; his manners were pleasing and retiring. He passed many hours of the day with us, especially with me, on account of my father's occupations. He did not like to be much alone; in fact it did him harm; solitude heated his imagination, and affected his head. He took to some studies, but he was not able to give continued attention to reading: the train of his ideas, at all times confused, perplexed him, and threw him into a state of agitation. He confided to me all that he felt; he liked to talk of himself and his impressions. The activity of his mind was never employed on any other subject; he appeared kind and affectionate, and yet it was always himself that he was thinking of, not egotistically, but it seemed that his mind had not strength enough to carry him beyond that. Even when there was no sign of insanity about him, there was no discernment in his observations on himself.

"He took pleasure in talking of his melancholy, his distrust, his discouragements, his wounded self-love, his disappointments in life; but I never perceived in him any energy to conquer this unsatisfied disposition. I was especially on my guard not to let him talk too much; my father had particularly recommended this, and I should have been aware of its danger myself. Neither animated discussions nor long discourses were good for him. I tried to amuse him; I played to him; I let him join in my occupations. We attended to the flowers in the garden. The exertion of digging and watering was of service to him. Sometimes, when my father had time, he went into the country, and took rather long walks. This mode of life removed, by degrees, every symptom of his malady. His language and his mind became daily calmer; his countenance acquired a happy and frank expression. I rejoiced in observing his progress. Without being aware of it myself, he occupied all my thoughts; whether from uneasiness or interest, I was kept in a state of constant excitement. Every word, every action, every look, every movement, was influenced by the desire of not doing him harm, or by the pleasure of doing him good. I could not seek in him what a woman seeks in a man that she loves; he was far from affording me an idea of protection, of support and superiority. It was something of what one feels for a weak and suffering being—a sort of maternal love; my tenderness did not go beyond this. We had lived for nearly two months in this manner, and he had been going on well, steadily, when I perceived a change in his manners. There had never been the slightest familiarity between us. I am naturally reserved; besides, there existed between him and me a thought which never admitted of intimacy; whatever my affection might be, there was always a little fear remaining. As for him, he was still more afraid of himself than I could be of him; but he could not do without me. If he went up stairs for a quarter of an hour, he came down again, as if uneasy at finding himself away from me. About this time he began to avoid

me, as much as his irresolution would permit. I perceived that he constrained himself to leave me; he sought to be alone, and I was often obliged to go and seek him myself. I made my father remark this; he appeared not so much struck by it as I was; and, after some days, said to me, 'Our patient is decidedly restored to health: his cure is complete; he must return to his home.' These words troubled me; the thought that he would have to leave us had never occurred to me; my days had passed, and my mind had been engrossed, in occupations of an exciting nature; entirely absorbed in the present. I had not dreamt of the future—I had never calculated the time that was passing, nor the events likely to ensue.

"On the following morning, my father spoke to him; I was not present; he must have done so with gentleness and affection, for he was much attached to the poor young man. After my father's conversation with him, he remained some time alone; when he felt secure of finding me by myself in the drawing-room, he came down and took a seat by me. I perceived that he was struggling for self-command, and that he was determined to be calm, and he succeeded in appearing so. 'Madam,' said he, 'you know your father's wish; he says that I can and ought to go, and leave this home, where more than life has been restored to me, where I feel so well, so happy, so *rational*.' (He said the last word in a tone that touched my heart.) 'Do you think this very prudent? Is not this exposing me to a relapse? Here, near you, with your attentions, nothing fatal can happen to me. It is you who have cured me; you are my good angel, the guardian angel of my infirm reason. Far from you there is only trouble and sorrow. Your father is so kind; why has he changed towards me? does he wish to destroy me? Oh! I feel assured that he will succeed.' 'Do not speak thus,' I answered; 'have I not often said the same to you? You have never been out of your mind—my father had no cure to effect—we have dissipated your melancholy fancies; you have been with friends who love you, and that has removed your distrust, and overcome your exaggerations. It is your character and mind that want discipline. Is not this true? You must not take delight in making yourself unhappy. Promise me not to do so—promise me, your nurse and your friend. You must often come to see us; I shall scold you if you are not tranquil and contented.' 'Yes, I will come often, every day; but that is not the same thing as living under the same roof, and seeing each other every hour in the day. If a sad thought occurred to me, if I was attacked by a fit of melancholy, I immediately went to you; your aspect, your looks, the sound of your voice, diffused calm and consolation. Now I shall sink into my gloomy reflections; they will prey on my heart, as formerly; they will be stronger than my will or my reason. All security is at an end; I shall tremble for myself, and this fear will alone suffice to throw me back into my former state.' 'But you cannot remain all your life in this house. You must be no longer our patient, but our friend—an esteemed friend, who will have a distinguished course to pursue, regular occupations, and a solid mind to cultivate. What has hitherto injured you is idleness and indolent solitude. Exert yourself; no longer allow yourself to be tormented by groundless imaginations and melancholy, which proceeds only from *envy*.' 'Always rational! always kind! always what suffices to reassurance and cure me! Yes,' he said, rising, 'I am utterly unworthy, I

only deserve the contempt of the indifferent, and the pity of the compassionate. I am a despicable being. The world regards me as a wretched madman. Who can I ask for esteem and affection? I will escape from my shameful condition! I will deserve happiness! Who would now have anything to do with me? who would connect themselves with the fate of an unhappy lunatic? Yes, I have still sense enough to know that I can pretend to nothing but compassion. Adieu! I go—you wish it, as well as your father, and nothing can be more reasonable. It must be so.' I took his hand, I made him sit down by me, he grew calm; and when he was better, I let him go, without saying a word.

"I had understood for some time what was passing in his mind. I did not like to dwell on it. Did I know what I felt myself? All my feelings were confused; I had given myself up to them without examination; reflection had not enlightened me. On the morrow he was no longer with us; the house appeared to me deserted, and the day very long. My hourly interest was gone; a tedious vacuum succeeded to constant excitement. Perhaps it was not happiness that I regretted, but I found my mind unemployed; I did not know what to do with my time and thoughts. He came to see us. My father had named an hour in the day in which, being usually at liberty, he could be with us. His presence did not embarrass me; I had nothing that I wished to hide, and yet I felt constrained. Our friend was much more so: I saw that he was distressed, and struggling with some great inward uneasiness—agitated by thoughts that he wished to conceal and conquer. We could not keep up the conversation; his countenance resumed its sad and alarming expression; I could no longer divert him, or relax the springs of his distempered imagination.

"My father said to me one day, 'These visits do him more harm than good. If we do not take care, he will have a relapse. I will tell him not to come here for some time.'—'I think that you will wound him deeply,' I answered. 'Do you not fear that this emotion will injure him?'—'We must, for this reason, seek some excuse for forbidding him. You shall go and pass some weeks at my sister's in the country: on your return, we shall see what is to be done.'

"My father went in the evening to tell him this unwelcome news. The following day, a letter was brought to me; the address was in his handwriting; I opened it, and read—'The resolution that you have taken—a resolution so cruel and unexpected—overthrows all my wise determinations, and precipitates me into measures which will, I know, endanger my life. I summon all the resolution of which I am capable to lay open to you a heart which ought to remain closed to every human being—closed to you, I see plainly. I will only say what is needful: my words must be circumspect and prudent. If I do not show calmness and reason; if I do not appear like others, all is at an end with me. Margaret, I owe you everything, and I do not dare remind you of it. Your kindness, your care, are perhaps connected in your mind with ideas of alarm and repugnance. The moment when I saw you for the first time; the time that I have passed with you; those hours of a happiness so new, so improbable—I must chase them from my remembrance. What I was then must never be recalled by us; forget the past, it alarms me; I have a horror of thinking of it. Let us, then, be ignorant of how I knew you, why I love you more than any person in the world could love. Still you have often told me, that I was only un-

happy; yes, you alone have consoled me. And why should there be repugnance to him whose tears you have dried?—to him whom you have saved from despair? Ought it not, on the contrary, to be a tie between two beings—to have understood and sympathized with each other? As to me, I feel it, I cannot live without you; without you, there is no peace or happiness for me. I was going to say, *reason*; but such a word, pronounced by me, has too frightful a meaning. No, Margaret, I am sane—master of myself; I shall always be so. I have strength to support the trials of life; there is, however, *one* not to be risked. I implore you, do not injure me more than you have benefited me. It is impossible for you not to have some regard for me; pity alone could not be so charming, so tender. The wretched are taken care of, but not cured, if they are not loved. Your sympathy saved me from an abyss: do not plunge me into it again. Love me—after the good that you have done me, you have no right to abandon me: it would be a refinement of cruelty, of which you are not capable. I conclude; my head burns:—no, Margaret, that is a mistake: I am cool and tranquil; it is with deliberation, and with all the calculation of prudence, with the knowledge of the present, and the examination of the future, that I beg to consecrate my life to you, and to take charge of your welfare. This proposal that I make to you is a perfectly reasonable one. It is such as any one would make, who had read in your eyes, and touching looks, all the angelic feelings of your soul. I write a letter to your father, and give you the charge of it.'

"I delivered it to him. It was as follows:—'I hope, sir, that the request that I am about to make will not surprise you. I owe you much; if you will give me your attention, I shall owe you a thousand times more. I love your daughter. It was impossible for me to have resided so long in your family, and that my heart should not be affected by the deepest feelings towards her. Till this day, she has been ignorant of my sentiments. It is right that you should be informed of them at the same time. My fortune is considerable; you are aware that I am of an honorable family; as to my character and sentiments, you are acquainted with them. I have been a member of your family: shall I be so forever?'

"After having read this letter and mine, which I had also given to him, my father did not speak for a few minutes. He then looked at me earnestly and tenderly. 'What shall we do,' he said, 'to spare him? This is what I feared.' I made no answer. 'How, my child,' he continued, 'can there be a moment's hesitation? I do not know what your tenderness of heart may dictate or suggest, but my duty as a father cannot admit of a doubt. Entrust the life of my beloved child to a wretched being, whom, with all my efforts, I have not been able to recover from his melancholy condition—who is on the verge of relapsing into complete lunacy! The thought fills me with horror. I should be more mad than himself, if such an idea could for an instant occur to me.' I remained mute and dejected—nothing could have made me utter a word. I do not know what instinct, what inward conviction, gave me a sort of certainty, that I should have run no risk in uniting myself to him; that our lives would be peaceful and happy; that I had something in me which could sustain tranquillity and reason in his poor mind; that he was lost if this only chance of happiness was refused to him. But how could I say all this—against probability, against

common sense, and all appearances? How could I say it to my father, so prudent, so wise, so kind and good to me? He was right, I knew it. I could not deny it; at the bottom of my heart, a voice told me the contrary. I ought to have had the courage to resist him. Now I am full of remorse for not having entreated, implored my father; for not having extracted a consent, which could only have endangered myself; and I did not even see that danger. * * * He went to see him, and tried to persuade him that other engagements had been contracted, that his word had long been pledged to another family. These precautions did not in the least soften his refusal. The scene was violent; my father confessed this to me, without entering into particulars. He was very miserable, very much absorbed by this fatality: in accordance with his character, he did not speak of it to me. I lived in constant wretchedness. Soon after, I learnt that fresh attacks of frenzy had occurred. I asked my father what he knew on the subject. 'It is too true,' he said; 'and I expected it. I am so much accustomed to this malady, that I had no doubt it would recur. I cannot see him, my presence would agitate him. I cannot, either, think of having him back among the other patients; all that he would see would recall impressions of which the effect would be injurious. But I inform myself most carefully of his state. His attendants acquaint me with everything. I prescribe what is to be done; and if his madness continues, as I fear, I shall see to having him taken to an asylum, fifty miles hence. I know the principal doctor there very well; he will be well taken care of. This prudence of my father's, which was not harshness, this calm kindness, made me feel timid and silent. I dared not give way to my feelings. What could I say? What could I ask? Calm reflection told me that there was no disputing the will of Providence. I prayed to God,—I implored a miracle; I dreamt that it was granted, I hovered between resignation and hope—I agitated myself painfully when I gave myself up to my own thoughts—I became calm, when I sought for comfort in prayer.'

"One day I went out of doors, and walked sadly away from the town, when suddenly I perceived our friend, who had been taken out for air, during an interval of calmness and reason. His hair was long and in disorder, and his eyes were wide open and dull. His mouth had an expression that would have been convulsive, had it not betokened exhaustion. He looked towards me. A feeling of shame became evident in his face. He was humbled to appear thus before my eyes; however, he took courage, and revived at the sound of my voice. I was much agitated; I did not know what words to address to him. I was more afraid of wounding his feelings than of injuring him; the idea of his madness did not even occur to me. After some sentences painfully uttered, he appeared to overcome the feeling of our mutual embarrassment and constraint. 'Well,' he said, 'you condemned me; indeed, how could I have such a hope—such presumption! It is too true, I could not have been cured when I conceived so strange a project—marry a madman!' and he began laughing in a frightful manner. 'Have I deserved that you should speak thus to me?' I answered. 'Have you not seen my affection and regard?' 'Yes, your kindness, your compassion, your charity—but affection—Ah! there could be none for me. I am taken care of—the duties of humanity and religion are fulfilled towards me—but this is all; and even this wearies

people. I have been driven away—banished: you, so good, so pious, you have shut your doors on an unhappy man; his misfortunes make him revolting to you. If I have relapsed into this dreadful state, who is the cause of it? Tell me.' These words were too cutting; I was not mistress of my feelings; I melted into tears, and sobbed aloud. As for him, he seemed renovated; he raised his head—his eye sparkled. 'I am unjust and cruel,' continued he. 'No, you have not refused me; no, you did not wish my death. It is not you who have thrown me back into this horrible state; no, you could not have been so harsh. I had divined feelings in you, which assured me that I might seek my well-being at your hands. It is your father who kills me; it is he who is without compassion; it is his cruel prudence which has inflicted this blow. Margaret, I implore you, tell me that you would have consented; say that the refusal did not come from you. Give me this assurance; it is the only way to calm me. This thought will appease my sufferings, and soothe my mind; if I can say, She loves me, it will be sufficient to render all my life calm and happy. Say only the words, *It was my father!*' A feeling of alarm tightens my heart, when I think of the answer that I might have uttered. O my God! it was thy goodness that saved me from so fearful a remembrance! What danger I incurred! How dreadful might I have become to myself! I regained my strength a little. I reproached him, but with gentleness, for his ingratitude towards my father. I essayed to give him a glimpse of hope for the future; I endeavored to bring him to himself. His keepers entreated me to go; they saw some violent crisis coming on. The woman who accompanied me led me hastily away. In effect he had a fit of frenzy more violent than ever. From this day lucid intervals almost ceased. They told me that he had neither reason nor consciousness. How shall I terminate my recital! how approach the horrible catastrophe! My father continued his care of him; almost every day he went to his house, to inform himself of his symptoms, and give directions to his attendants; but he took care never to be seen by him. Once, through the grate of his window, he perceived my father, who was come to pay his usual visit. They had forgotten to fasten his door; he darted out exclaiming, 'It is he, my enemy, my murderer!' He leapt down the staircase before any one had time to reach him. The unhappy man had seized a knife; he threw himself on my father, and stretched him at his feet. * * * My father was brought home, bathed in blood; the steel had reached his heart. He had only a few moments to live; he could hardly speak. 'My beloved child! my poor Margaret!' he uttered. And I read in his eye that his last thought was one of satisfaction—that he had not exposed me to the blow, by which he had perished. There is no language for the grief I suffered; it will end only with my existence. God willed it; He sent me this trial; may He soon reunite me to my father! By repeating these words, by dwelling on this thought, by a total self-denial, I have been able to nerve my heart against despair, and at times to dry my tears: I find a strength and peace, which come from Heaven, for which I do not reproach myself. I lean on the idea of fate, which is not that of chance, but of providence. Sometimes, I am in a kind of stupor, which seems like insensibility: to such a state of mind exertion is necessary. I will devote myself to the service of the poor and the sick; God will not condemn that. It shall be especially to the care of this fatal malady, the only image that exists in my mind.

"I informed myself of the fate of the unhappy and blind instrument of this dreadful misfortune. He had not had a glimpse of reason or intelligence from that time. He never knew any one. It seemed to me that I ought to thank God for this. At other times, I reproached myself for this thought. He was transported to the asylum, where my father had wished to send him. It is there that I wish to be employed by the superiors of the order into which I hope to be admitted; I shall obey them without murmuring. Will it be wrong to feel that I have a duty to him, whom my father attended with so much affection? I know that I can neither wait upon him, nor see him, but I shall be near him. I shall be acquainted with his sufferings. I shall watch over this human being, whose mind is already gone; and see that he has everything that can soften his physical sufferings. If he gets well, I beg that I may be sent from the place where he is."

I gave back to the superior the manuscript of the sister of charity. She told me that none of her pious companions was more devoted, more regular, in their zealous and pious office. "But," she said, "her endeavors are beyond her strength; she tries to stifle the grief that preys upon her; there is not a minute in the day that she does not think of it, but she never speaks of it." Six months after, I received the following letter:—

"SIR,—You took so much interest in Sister Margaret, that I must tell you that her sad existence is ended. God has taken her to himself. The poor young man who was confined in the asylum, grew more and more violent. About a fortnight since a brain fever came on. It was necessary to acquaint Sister Margaret of this. She begged me to dispense with her services; she had not strength for them. She went to chapel, and remained in prayer all day, and almost all night. The young man died on the following day. The body was taken to the church. When we came there to sprinkle the holy water, she wished to take her turn; in passing by the bier, she fainted. Two days after, she died like a saint, in my arms."

A PRETTY LITTLE GAME FOR PRETTY LITTLE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.—An amusing game is that of building ships, and seeing whether they will float. You must first get some oak timber and knock it into shape anyhow, till it begins to look something like a tub. Then take your ship to the seaside and see if it will float; but if it will not, you must take it out of the water, and pull it to pieces again, and begin making a fresh ship. Do this until it does not sink. When this is the case, you can begin putting in your guns; but, if it should roll over, which is very probable, you had better carry away your ship before it goes to the bottom, and pull it to pieces again, and patch it and construct it on quite a new plan; but if, after all, it does nothing but roll over, you had better put it aside for firewood, and lose no more time about getting some more oak timber, and begin building another ship.

The most amusing game, however, is to build some four or five ships at the same time, as like one another as two eggs, and to launch them all together. It is great fun to watch them in the water. One will pitch, the other will toss; one will roll, and another will do nothing at all but show a strong desire, like a stone, to go to the bottom. This sport is very diverting, and never tires, no matter how often you may repeat it.

You may play this game as often as you like, for you can come to no harm in trying the experiments, as you do not go in the ships yourselves, and have nothing to pay for the amusement. It is the stupid English nation which pays for all.—*Punch*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

"It is enough!" said the excellent old master, Andreas del Barrochio, smiling mournfully, as he put up his easel, and placed it gently in the furthest corner of his room. "Rest thou there! I, too, can now rest." Again he stood musing before the painting he had just taken down. It was the *Baptism of St. John*, in which there was an angel's head, from the pencil of his scholar, Leonardo da Vinci, that, for exquisite beauty, far excelled any of his own productions.

"Thus far, and no further!" he continued, turning to Leonardo, who just entered, and who was struck by the strangely solemn tone of the master. "See, my son, with this angel thy career begins, and mine finishes. One man cannot accomplish all, neither should one man attempt, in his vain imaginings, to reach the far distant limits of art, which the united powers of many, simultaneously and successively, have not attained. I lay my pencil aside, and henceforth paint no more. But thou, who hast already surpassed thy master, be bold, be vigorous. Italy will ere long do homage to thy genius."

Leonardo stood glowing with delight at the praise of his master, and gazed with sparkling eyes at the painting.

"And he does not cast down his eyes!" murmured Andreas to himself, as he read in Leonardo's countenance the vain and presumptuous thoughts that were passing through his mind. "There is still time. One draught of bitter medicine, and his better nature will triumph. Yes," he continued, addressing his scholar, and taking him kindly by the hand—"yes, my son! thou wilt shine, but thy lustre will not be the dazzling radiance of the midday sun, but like a gentle Aurora, or the soft rosy hue of evening. Of this, too, rest assured, that arrogance and self-sufficiency will never bring thee to the goal, from which thou art yet far distant. Examine thine angel a little closer. It is good, I repeat, very good; but is it not incorrect in the foreshortening? That look, however celestial it may appear at first sight, has it not, in reality, more of the languishing gaze of the courtesan? This curl over the right eye, is it not unnatural, as if burnt by an iron? No—this work of Leonardo da Vinci shall not go down to posterity. Thou knowest now of what thou art capable. Let perfection henceforth be thy mark, and let what is imperfect perish. This shall be the last stroke of my pencil." With these words, he besmeared the picture with a coat of black annihilating paint.

This passed like an electric shock through the heart of the affrighted scholar, and a hasty word of anger and reproach trembled upon his lips. But he was silent; for silence was a lesson his master had early taught him. He swallowed, therefore, the bitter gall of wounded vanity, and calm reflection soon returned, and with it the firm determination to repress his arrogance and presumption. "I thank you, master," he exclaimed, deeply affected; and from that moment became his own severest critic, more disposed to find what called for censure in his works, than what deserved praise. This distrust of his own powers increased in proportion to his advances in skill and knowledge; so that many, even of his best productions, were destroyed by his own hand; at first, in the angry discontent of a noble mind, satisfied with nothing short of perfection; afterwards, when his passions had been cooled,

and his judgment had been matured by the sage counsels of his paternal friend, from a sober and settled conviction, that, by these means only, was excellence to be attained; and many relics of his pencil have, only by artifice or fraud, been rescued from destruction.

"That is right," his master was wont to say, with his quiet smile; "that is the way to immortality, the title to which consists, not in the multiplicity of a man's works, but in their excellence."

If he received an order, or went to work from his own impulse, he would tremble like a child, when he thought of the difficulties he had to encounter, and how far his picture would fall short of that standard of excellence it was his desire to reach. Still, notwithstanding these feelings of despondency, he labored indefatigably, by day and night; for he had learned from his master, that not genius only, but industry—patient, untiring industry—was necessary to the attainment of his object; for how often has the man of inferior ability, by unremitting diligence and attention, arrived at a degree of eminence, which to idle, ill-directed talent, remained forever unapproachable!

Thus did Andreas del Barrochio, the Florentine, instruct his beloved pupil in the best and noblest principles of his art, and rejoice at the success of his teaching. But his last hour approached, and from his sick bed he thus addressed the mourner by his side: "Why weepest thou unmanly tears, now that the time is come that I must depart hence? Earth demands her offering and her right!"

"And heaven too"—interrupted Leonardo, kissing the withered and trembling hands of his dying friend. "Heaven calls the noble, undying spirit back to its home."

"Dost thou wonder, then," resumed Andreas, "that I have been seized with home-sickness? Do I not depart with the conviction, that with thee I leave behind a portion of my being, and that I have fulfilled the mission entrusted to me, a weak instrument, to usher in the dawn which, from the unprofaned temple of thy genius, now sheds its mild radiance over Italy?"

"But which," said Leonardo, mournfully, "the Perugian would darken?"

"No envy, my son," interrupted Andreas, mildly; "is this Pietro, then, the only painter? Surely, the path we are all treading is wide enough for many. Behold how various nature is in her formations! how diversified in material and design! and shall the ideal world, the world of dreams, be found so poor, that one may exhaust the magazine, and leave nothing for a fellow-worker? Therefore, my son, no envy in thy pure bosom! No ugly jealousy! Above all, never let these personal feelings of hatred or contempt be transferred to thy works. That is alike unworthy of a noble art, and a generous artist. Even when thou smartest under the lash of oppression, or the reproach of undeserved persecution, never degrade the dignity of thy art, by making it the instrument of thy revenge. Revenge thyself by words of mildness, by deeds of charity: then will thy productions, free from the stain of unworthy passions, go down to future ages, living memorials of thy merits and thy wrongs. My strength is fast sinking: but, before I depart, give me thy hand, and promise me that thou wilt observe my words, and, never refusing the honor due to the merits of others, pursue thy appointed path in cheerfulness and humility. Give me thy hand, and promise me this, Leonardo!"

And Leonardo gave him his hand.

"Then will I be also near to thee," said the master, while an unearthly smile played upon his features, "in the hour of thy greatest earthly need. My spirit shall hover near thee; and when, bowed down by the thought of what seems impracticable, every human resource fails thee, and thou art threatened by undeserved shame and disgrace, then cry aloud, that thy voice may reach me amid the palm-trees of Paradise; cry aloud, Andreas! Andreas!—And—I will * * * "

The angel of death gently interrupted the words of promise and comfort. The head of the faithful master sank back upon the pillow, and Leonardo, in the bitter sorrow of separation, closed the eyes of the departed, and, with the sign of the holy cross, blessed the gentle spirit of his beloved master to its eternal rest.

It is needless here to tell of the eminence and celebrity which Leonardo da Vinci subsequently attained, or how much he contributed, in conjunction with the first Perugino, to the restoration of the art of painting. His merits are known and acknowledged by the whole of the civilized world, which, even at this day, after the lapse of four centuries, admires the fragments of his genius, though time, which wraps everything in mist, has deprived the coloring of its freshness, and covered his paintings with the yellow hue of age. But he shone as a man as well as a painter, excelling in every good and noble quality which can enrich the heart and dignify the character; and, in obedience to his master's precepts, ever judged mildly of another's faults, acknowledged generously another's merits, and, with meek patience, endured much bitter persecution. Of this, however, the world knows but little; and only those who have had the opportunity of reading his manuscript notices of his life, preserved in the Ambrosian Library, and in the Escorial, can rightly appreciate these points of his character. These prove their author to have been a profound thinker, an enthusiastic lover of his art, and an upright, noble-minded man. His acquirements were various. He excelled as engineer and architect, as well as painter. For even in this age of mechanical wonders, men admire the skill displayed in a work, at that time deemed impracticable—that, namely, of carrying the waters of the Adige to Milan; those of the Arno from Pisa to Florence; and the canal of Mortasana through the valleys of Chiavenna and the Valtellina, a distance of two hundred miles. Nay, he even constructed automata, the like of which had not been seen until his day; for when, at the entrance of the French king, Louis XII., into Milan, the citizens begged him to execute some novel and extraordinary work in honor of their august visitor, he performed the task committed to him in a manner which showed how well he deserved their confidence. As the king, in triumphant pomp, passed through the state rooms of the palace, a majestic lion approached, lashing himself with his tail, and gazing round with flashing eye. Suddenly he threw himself at the king's feet, his breast opened, and displayed to the astonished monarch, and the gaping multitude, the arms of the French king. This lion was the work of Leonardo da Vinci. As a writer upon the arts, he surpassed any of his contemporaries; nor was his soul less susceptible of the ennobling influence of music. With all this, he was a cheerful and entertaining companion, who despised no amusement that conduced to harmless and healthy enjoyment, reining in the untamed horse with the skill of an experienced rider, and fighting in the lists like a

Roman gladiator. On these various accounts, his fame was noised abroad throughout all Italy, at that time the only country where the arts and sciences found a shelter, under the protection of the noble house of Medicis, the magnificent Pope Leo X., and various other princes. It was this well-earned reputation which induced Ludovico Moro Sforza, Duke of Milan, by the most brilliant offers, to seek to allure him to his court. Most unwillingly did Leonardo accept this flattering invitation; most unwillingly did he forsake the land of his birth, and his own lovely Florence; for he had a gloomy presentiment of coming evil. He shuddered, too, at the thought of entering that den of slaughter, in which the inhuman Galeazzo Maria, unlike his noble father Francis, had raged like a wild beast, and whose blood still reeked upon the ducal throne; for he fell a sacrifice to the revenging *Nemesis*, by the hand of an assassin. Upon this throne sat his brother, the above-mentioned Ludovico, who, no less cruel, but more subtle and cautious, had succeeded in usurping the inheritance from John Galeazzo, the son of his murdered brother. But, at that time, where was there a spot in Italy that was not disgraced by the perpetration of the most scandalous crimes? Did not the members of the princely house of Medicis stain their hands red with human blood? Did not Florence and Pisa, in bitter and deadly feud, slaughter each other's children? Even in Rome itself, were not virtue, life, and everything held sacred by the faith or the affections of mankind, to be purchased with gold? Little, then, could it matter to the man of refined taste and intellectual pursuits, where, under these circumstances, he took up his abode. Here was Sodom, there Gomorrah, and the danger which threatened his pure life and simple manners not greater in Milan than in Florence.

Another motive urged Leonardo to accept the invitation of Ludovico Sforza. His residence in Florence had become embittered to him by the bold, unbending opposition of a boy, not yet eighteen years old, with a mind, however, far beyond his years, who, in proud anticipation of future greatness, met every advance of the mild and contemplative Leonardo with enmity and contempt, and embittered to him his beloved city, and the spot where the ashes of his master rested. This boy was Michel Angelo Buonarotti. He overcame, therefore, his reluctance, controlled the gloomy presentiments which oppressed him, and, encouraging himself by contemplating the prospect opened to him of higher and more varied exertion in his art, bade his lovely home adieu, and, with the light and buoyant spirits of youth and inexperience, directed his steps to Milan. Let no one blame him also, if, young, ardent, ambitious, and gifted with every faculty of enjoyment, the anticipation of the rewards and pleasures that awaited him in that rich and luxurious Babylon of Lombardy, formed part of his happy dream.

The duke gave him a reception honorable alike to both, and in accordance with the fashion of those times, when patrons sought to add to their own lustre, by paying honor to those whose merit had already gained for them a renown more enduring than that which depends upon the smile of princes. The haughty, yet cunning Ludovico, drew in his dangerous talons, and caressed the master with an appearance of fondness. The courtiers, according to their wont, began also to follow the example set them, and overwhelmed the guest and favorite of their prince with their hollow kindnesses.

The most prominent among those whom he was in the habit of meeting at the court, was a monk, whose tall, lean, ghost-like figure was continually crossing his path, as if to watch his movements. His small restless eyes gleamed maliciously from beneath his dark brows, above which rose, like a wall of rock, the hard, yellow, angular forehead. The nose was aquiline; the firmly compressed mouth wore a constant though scarcely perceptible sneer, and the pointed chin was overgrown by a beard of mingled red and black. This was the prior of the Dominican monastery of St. Maria della Grazia, the duke's confidential adviser. His speech distilled like honey-drops, but the poison of asps lurked beneath his lips. From the first moment of Leonardo's arrival, he had inwardly chafed at the favor in which he stood with the prince, and, at each meeting, the bitter, though concealed hatred of the one, and the undefined antipathy and apprehension of the other, increased; and it was strange that these feelings oppressed the painter most when occupied by his labor within doors. When in the open air, superintending his mechanical and architectural undertakings, he could breathe more freely. He felt refreshed and strengthened by the ever-varying, ever-beautiful forms and coloring of nature; the light breezes that played round his temples—the soft grey morning—the dewy evening—night, with the delicious melody of the nightingale, and her eternal heaven of stars; and, by day, the bustle and hurry—the driving and riding over hill and vale—all this, by occupying his mind, gave him courage and cheerfulness. But, when he sat alone before his easel, in his solitary chamber, a vague, almost supernatural horror would seize him, till the sweat-drops stood upon his brow, and the trembling and uncertain hand could with difficulty guide his pencil. And thus it is that we have so few paintings of this master belonging to this particular period of his life; most of them were destroyed by himself, and many of them when wanting only the last touches.

The duke often stood enraptured before his growing picture, but, when he began to hope the painting would soon be ready to adorn his gallery, he found it on his next visit destroyed—torn in pieces or burnt. This, doubtless, was vexatious enough; still he might have been content with those which did receive completion, and consequently, were stamped with the seal of the master's own approbation.

"Now, master," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "this time you shall paint *me*, and, of course, in this instance, we shall hear nothing of cutting or burning."

The descent of a thunderbolt when the sky is clear and cloudless could not have struck more sudden terror into the heart of Leonardo, than did this announcement of the duke's, accompanied as it was by the ambiguous smile of the Dominican. What? *he*, the refined and fastidious painter, accustomed to depict only the most noble and lovely of nature's forms, or the beautiful and fairy-like creations of his own exuberant fancy—he shall paint that face, the personification of ugliness, where might be read, as in an open book, the characters of the worst passions that ever disgraced humanity—the history of a nature inhumanized by crime; that gray, bristly hair, starting from every side of the abominable head; those cheeks of ashy palleness, the graves of worn-out passions; those mulberry marks upon the neck, from which he had received the name of "Moro;" the cruel malicious

twitching of the pale lips, visible through the disordered beard! No, it was impossible! And yet the command had been given; what was he to do? To, paint, or not to paint? And, if he painted—would he not be required to flatter the tyrant—conceal his ugliness with a professional lie? But then, what would remain of the original features? The picture, in that case, would be no likeness. If, on the contrary, his pencil should be faithful, what reward might he not expect from a tyrant whom all feared, if he presented to him, as himself, a copy of distorted humanity, frightful enough to be taken for a counterfeit of the devil himself? Verily, the painter was in a sore strait, and often and anxiously did his mind revert to the promise of his departed master. On whichever side he turned, he saw nothing but ruin awaiting him; shame and disgrace to his professional reputation, as well as to his moral character, if, for the sake of wealth and patronage, he stooped to produce a false and flattering picture; or the most terrible revenge of which an insulted tyrant is capable, if he represented him in his true colors.

"Oh, what shall I do? how shall I save myself?" exclaimed the trembler, as with anxious steps he paced his lonely chamber, and thought of the last words of his master.

"Oh Andreas! Andreas! hear me and help me as thou promisedst, in this my greatest need!" But his master heard him not; the time was not yet come; Leonardo had not yet encountered the greatest difficulty he was to meet with upon earth.

"Be it so, then," he exclaimed at length; "I will drink this bitter cup, and paint the truth, for I can do no other."

The day for the first sitting came; with a trembling hand he seized his pencil, for before him sat the haughty duke arrayed in princely ermine, and urged him to despatch. Another sitting, and the sketch was complete. The finishing now alone remained; but, with each day that the picture advanced towards completion, the painter's anxiety and gloomy forebodings increased. At length, it stood finished before him, against the wall; and, as he gazed, the hateful figure so worked upon his heated imagination, that it appeared to him like some dreadful apparition from the nether world. "What?" he exclaimed, "is it possible that Leonardo da Vinci's pencil can have produced thee, thou frightful monster! and that, for centuries to come, thou wilt hang in the gallery as his work? Must I be forced to stain my noble art and my future fame with this specimen of distortion? Away from my sight, Satan!" and, in the violence of his rage, he stamped upon the unlucky painting till the canvass cracked, and scarcely knowing what he did, tore it with the violence of a maniac, and scattered it in a thousand pieces about the room.

"So, ho!" croaked the Dominican, who had been sent by the duke to inquire after the progress of his picture, peeping through the half-opened door, "you seem to have a violent, I might almost say, a dangerous paroxysm! Well, I will not disturb you."

Leonardo, thus recalled to his senses, felt his blood freeze with horror, and, as the dreadful spectre disappeared as softly as it had approached, he became fully conscious of the mad action he had committed. He had abused the portrait of his sovereign, and what might he not expect from the anger of one whom he had so grossly insulted? But a deeper sorrow than that arising from the fear of punishment struck upon his generous heart. It

was his patron, his benefactor, whom he had thus ill-treated.

"Oh, what have I done!" he groaned out, as he gazed upon the destruction that surrounded him, and began gathering up the fragments. "Those eyes, though their glance might have been cruel to others, have ever looked on me with kindness. Those pale lips have never addressed me but with favor. Oh, my prince! to others thou mayst be all that thy face betrays, but to me thou wert only a friend and benefactor. It is not thy fault that thou art a rival of the devil himself in ugliness." And as he spoke, bitter and sorrowful tears fell upon the torn relics. The door again opened, and he received a summons to attend the duke.

"I do not now invoke thee, Andreas, in this my greatest need," he said softly; "thou canst not hear me, for I have sinned by giving way to a foolish passion. Whatever happens, I have deserved it." And thus prepared for the worst, he entered the saloon of the palace.

The duke was pacing gloomily up and down the apartment. The prior sat in a window recess, his hands folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. The courtiers stood round in silence, and not a breath disturbed the oppressive calm which announced an approaching tempest. It was long before the duke spoke; at length, in a tone scarcely audible from suppressed rage, he asked the trembling painter, "Where is my portrait?"

"It is destroyed," stammered Leonardo.

"Destroyed!" exclaimed the duke, in a louder tone, "destroyed—again destroyed! and nothing else but destroyed! And, even myself—my picture! And wherefore?"

Leonardo stood with his eyes rooted to the earth, unable to answer a word.

Upon this, the prior raised his head and softly whispered, "Most probably from reverence, your highness! from a feeling of his own inability, not being yet equal to so great a work; from a fear that he might not do justice to his illustrious original."

"You lie, Father Prior!" shouted the enraged painter, with the desperate courage of one who already knew his ruin certain.

"He lies!" repeated the duke, stepping back, while his countenance assumed the paleness of death, "therefore that was not the reason; and you assert that so boldly and without further explanation! What was it then?"

"Madness, my lord," replied Leonardo, more composedly; "rage at myself."

"If that was it," interrupted the duke proudly, "I will not say that you have acted altogether wrong; it is better for your fame that an inferior work should not descend to posterity, more especially with such a subject. Take care, however, that the like happen not again."

"Forgive me, my prince!" entreated Leonardo, "give me but a different task; drive me through fire and water—send me into the abode of the damned, and your commands shall be obeyed. I will work day and night to show myself worthy of your kindness, and, if possible, to recover your confidence."

"It shall be as you have said," returned the duke, "and, for the future, as no secular subject appears to succeed with you, you shall dedicate your art to what is sacred. The refectory of the Dominican Monastery of St. Maria della Grazia is in need of some decoration; to your pencil it shall be entrusted. You shall paint upon the wall the Last

Supper of our Lord, and complete the work within a year from this day. And again I say to you, and for the last time, forget your folly."

The prior smiled maliciously, and, glancing contemptuously at Leonardo, extolled the clemency of the duke, and poured out his thanks for the favor bestowed upon him and his monastery. The courtiers again decked their faces with smiles, though they could not help inwardly marvelling, that the threatening storm should have passed away without some one suffering from its fury. They considered not, it is true, that the great and free Florentine, whose services had already been so numerous and valuable, and who was ranked among the ornaments of his age, deserved to be treated with a leniency to which none of them had any claim.

Again deeply agitated, Leonardo escaped as soon as possible into the fresh air. The sense of his own merits pressed upon him much less forcibly than the kindness of his patron. He smote his forehead, and exclaimed, "Is this the return which Satan makes for ingratitude? what more could a saint do to bless those that curse him? But stay—am I not a fool to fancy the danger over! I may only have escaped Scylla to fall into Charybdis. It must be so;" and, all at once, the idea struck him, that the direction which the affair had taken could have been suggested by no other than the crafty Dominican. Still, what kind of a viper would creep out of it, was to him a mystery, while this mystery only served to increase his uneasiness, as the fear of a concealed danger is more harassing to the mind than a known and positive evil. Whatever might be the result, it jarred sorely upon his feelings, there to dedicate his pencil to the Most Holy, where the hated monk resided. This, however, had been precisely the object of the latter. Yes, he—the proud, high-minded painter, who scarcely deigned him a look, who had supplanted him in the favor of his prince—he should be made to devote to him and his convent the splendid efforts of his genius, or perish. This had been his motive in the plan he had recommended to the duke; for, if the master completed his difficult task, the more difficult for being in a style to which he was little accustomed, he had served him, the prior—had been the minister of his wishes. Should he, however, fail in his task, which was more probable, and more agreeable to his hate; or, should he execute it in an unworthy manner, it was only calling upon his enemy, the striping Buonarotti, to do it better—a step to which it would not be difficult to persuade the already displeased prince, and his ruin as a painter was certain. For, that Leonardo's fiery temperament would not endure this disgrace, without breaking out into some fresh insult to the duke, who would be disposed to show little ceremony or kindness towards one whose reputation was sullied, and whose services were no longer indispensable, followed in the prior's calculations as matters of course.

This web of malice was, as yet, concealed from the eyes of Leonardo, but the anxious throbbing of his heart told him there was evil influence at work. It was also inexplicable to him, that the duke had not insisted upon his painting another portrait, so as thus to bring matters to extremities at once. "But," thought he, "that may still be in reserve." Whether this really were so, and whether Leonardo ever did finish a portrait of the duke, it is now impossible to obtain any certainty. In the collection of heads by Leonardo da Vinci, published by Count Caylus, there is none that could be taken for the duke; and the picture preserved in the Dresden

gallery, by this master, of an old man wearing a fur habit and a hat decorated with a medal, in one hand holding a glove, and a sword in the other, can scarcely be Ludovico Moro, though not improbably another member of the princely house of Sforza.

Be this as it may, it is enough that the picture of which we have spoken was, and remained, annihilated. And Leonardo, escaped from the suffocating heat of the ducal palace, with the cool, refreshing evening air felt his courage revive, while he resolved, by the most persevering diligence, to prove his gratitude, and atone for his former wilfulness. "Yes," he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with a holy enthusiasm, "I will paint the twelve and their Lord, as he sat with them at meat on the night in which he was betrayed! My God! on this very night." It was, indeed, on Maunday-Thursday that these events had occurred to Leonardo, and he now wandered in solitary musings through the lovely gardens which encircled Milan.

Spring had already spread her charm over the landscape; the tender buds had expanded into bright green leaves, the violets shed their perfume upon the fresh verdant turf, and the declining sun gilded the summits of the fragrant groves, as they waved to and fro in the gentle breath of evening.

"And I am to paint the celebration of thy remembrance, O Lord, on the evening of thy last supper!" exclaimed the rapt enthusiast. "How will that be possible to my weak pencil? How dare I—the trembler, the desponder—attempt so sublime a work?"

And, verily, he trembled afresh. The more he endeavored to arrange the plan of the picture, the more did his courage sink. Everywhere he found insurmountable difficulties. His mind at length became so completely confused that he could no longer form any settled idea of his subject; everything swam in gloomy, chaotic mist before his soul, and the sun was just setting as he returned, in an agony of despair, through the gates of the city. Unmindful of his steps, he found himself before the Dominican convent. He heard the organ pealing through the lofty, majestic church, and the voices of the monks mingling with its harmony. The solemn strains fell upon his troubled spirit like hymns of eternal rest from a better world, and subdued his mind to a temper of humble resignation.

They are there now, thought he; no one will observe me, if I examine the spot where my work is to be carried on. He entered the cloisters, and with hushed and timid footsteps passed through the solitary arched corridor which led to the refectory. Day had already faded into twilight; only in the western horizon lingered the last rosy tints of evening. The tones of the organ reverberated faintly through the walls, accompanying that noble hymn, subsequently immortalized by Palestrino's genius:—

"Fratres ego enim accepi."

"Those are the blessed words of Institution!" murmured the painter, in pious ecstasy. "Oh, thou that takest away the sins of the world! how can my weak hand paint thee in the moment of thy greatest glory upon earth?—in that last night of surpassing agony! And how shall I paint you, ye glorious apostles! Alas, never! My mind is obscured with a dreary mist, though my heart burns with devotion and desire. I am oppressed by the sense of my weakness; do thou, Source of all power, vouchsafe to me thy aid!" With a beating and anxious heart he opened the door of the refectory; but terror and amazement forced him back

over the threshold. An irresistible impulse again impelled him forwards, for a scene, glorious as that of the opened heavens, was before him. Sitting at the long table in the hall, with their Lord in the midst, he beheld the twelve apostles. The head of the blessed Jesus was surrounded by the last purple glow of the western sky, which, gleaming through the central window towards which his back was turned, thus formed a natural halo. His eyes were fixed upon the table with an expression of deep sadness, for he had just uttered the words, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." No anger, no reproach was visible in that heavenly countenance, down which the parted hair descended in golden locks upon his shoulders, and his left hand spake silently, "Yes, my beloved! such is the will of my heavenly Father, and I murmur not." But John, the maidenly beautiful John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who had been reclining upon his breast, overcome with sorrow at this sad prophecy, was sunk back with closed eyes, as though groaning out in the deepest anguish, "No, it is impossible!" though the folded hands testified his reverent belief in the words of his divine Master, and meek resignation to his will. At his side bent Peter towards him with a look of noble, almost contemptuous confidence, as though he said, "Be comforted, thou trembler! what can traitors avail against him, be they who they may?" Behind him started up the grave Alphæus, with terrified looks, from among the crowd of the disciples. To the left of Jesus sat Simon the Canaanite, the sinless shepherd, who had forsaken his lambs to follow the great Shepherd of souls. Like him, he wore his hair parted, and flowing smoothly over his shoulders, and his face and outstretched hands, turned towards the Lord, expressed his unwillingness to believe the hard sentence. The noble, fiery James, like his brother John, the relative and confidant of his blessed Master, had risen from his seat, and turned to the inquiring Andrew, and to the pious, silver-haired Bartholomew, with both hands pointing to the other end of the table, as if he said, "Do you hear, my brethren, this hard, unintelligible saying of the Lord?" But there, at that other end of the table, sat Judas Iscariot, leaning backwards to the pensive John, and holding the purse in his right hand with which he had just overturned the goblet. The question, "Lord, is it I," was not yet to be read in the countenance of any of them, for they were still in the first burst of amazement, into which those sad, prophetic words had thrown them, still unable to believe fully their dreadful import; all except Judas, in whose every feature lurked the damning secret, and who, in the dread of detection, had just overturned the cup. Thomas stood behind Simon, with the bent finger raised, as if asking how such malice could be conceived, and showing its impossibility; while the quiet, child-like Lebbeus, brother of James Alphæus, with the folded hands upon his breast, looked as though he said, "Master, in me is no guile!" Philip, the philanthropic Philip, had risen from his seat at the other end of the table, and, leaning forward before the musing Mother, with both hands supported upon the table, gazed upon the scene in dumb and wondering expectation.

After this manner Leonardo da Vinci saw the Lord and the twelve apostles. His senses forsook him; he sank upon the pavement; and when the monks returned from the chapel they found him senseless upon the threshold of the refectory.

"Oh, why did they waken me with their es-

sences?" he exclaimed upon the following day, as he paced restlessly to and fro in his chamber; "it was well with me. I have beheld the glory of my Lord and his apostles! But with what colors shall I paint them? It is impossible!" Still, though he suffered much from a timid anxiety, he was now in possession of a plan for his work, and everything stood in living reality before him, as he had beheld it in his holy trance, and he was resolved thus to paint it, and not otherwise. Immediately after the Easter festival, therefore, he began his work. The refectory was locked, and no one allowed ingress so long as Leonardo painted. Only the prior peered closely after him, whenever he came and went, if haply he might discover from his countenance with what success the work proceeded. At first this occasioned Leonardo little annoyance, and, in the excitement of his work, he passed and repassed the monk almost without noticing him. As, however, there seemed to be no end to this spying and watching, and as every day the malice of the prior, whose hateful visage and satanic smile never failed to encounter him, became more apparent, the master entered the refectory in bitterness, and left it in fury. "Wait only, thou Iscariot!" he once mentally exclaimed, in a fit of ungovernable rage, "wait only a short time longer, and thou shalt have enough to satisfy thee as long as thou livest." And with these words, uttered almost unconsciously, he at once hit upon the means and manner of his revenge. His plan was this: first, to finish painting the eleven, then to paint Judas, for whom he had now obtained something more than an ideal original, and then, when with this he had appeased his wrath—then, last of all, the Lord himself.

But how dare a mortal hope to unite the extremes of light and darkness without some intervening middle tints? By what means shall human art acquire the power of depicting, first, the personification of spiritual deformity, and, immediately afterwards, the perfection of spiritual beauty? This vain attempt cast a stumbling-block in Leonardo's path, which rendered the completion of his work impossible. Summer and autumn were past, and winter had already covered nature with a mantle of silence and shadows. The eleven were finished, and stood depicted upon the wall in lines of living glory, as he had seen them on the night of Maunday-Thursday. He had sated his fury and revenge by the representation of the traitor Judas, and now came the time when he should paint the Lord; but at this part of his task his wonted powers forsook him. The graceful contour of the head, the folds of the robe, were all he could effect; for out of the bitter source from which he had called Judas into being, he could never produce the most Gentle and the most Holy. Leonardo felt his incapacity, but his darkened mind saw not the cause. The divine features of the Redeemer, as he had gazed upon them on that night, had entirely vanished from his soul. He still hoped, however, that the spirit would return; and for days together he stood in mournful contemplation before his picture, or spent the time in drawing idle figures upon the scaffold. Thus passed days, then weeks, and still the spirit for which he waited so anxiously came not, though the time appointed him for the conclusion of his work was now very near. The mild breezes of spring were already breathing over Italy; already the banks of the streams and the rushing rivulets showed a brighter verdure; and still Leonardo remained in inactive, fruitless musing. But now his heart beat more anxiously. He had hitherto avoided as much

as possible looking his danger in the face; its near approach, however, compelled him to do so; and the conviction settled upon his mind that he should never be able to complete his work. His bodily strength decayed in proportion to the decay of his mental energies; and his sunk eye and pallid cheek betrayed too plainly his mental sufferings. These were characters which the prior found little difficulty in reading; and this hated object, which every day more boldly and with less concealed scorn encountered him, deprived him of the last remains of his self-possession. The trees of the forest again gave their budding tops to the gentle rocking of the breeze, and the duke inquired more pressingly about his work. Leonardo spent the little time now remaining in earnest prayer to God for support, and invoking his sainted master to grant his promised aid. But in vain! No help appeared; and he could only tell the duke, in answer to his repeated inquiries, that the picture should be finished upon the appointed day.

The holy week came, and his ear caught the sound of low contemptuous whisperings. His bosom friend, Ottaviano, rushed into his room, and gasped out—"Save thyself, Leonardo—thou art lost! The prior knows that thou canst not paint the Christ—the duke knows it! They talk of Buonarotti, of the dungeon—of trial for a state crime in trampling upon the duke's picture!—Save thyself!—fly!"

"Yes!" exclaimed the unhappy painter. "I will fly—will shake the dust of this abhorred city, this abode of serpents and adders, from my feet, and in my own beloved Florence, where the vengeance of the Moro and these monks cannot reach me, begin new, a free life!—I will!"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a detachment of the duke's guard, who announced to him that he was a prisoner.

"Now all is lost!" groaned Leonardo, falling back into his chair. "My sun is set! What avails me all the labor I have bestowed upon the twelve in the refectory, when their Lord is wanting? What avails me all that I have done for thee and thy Milan, thou malicious tyrant! The enemy will come and reap where I have sown. Leonardo da Vinci will perish, and his memory with him. It is indeed bitter! Oh, how have I deserved this hard fate!"

Thus mourned the unhappy captive, for such in truth he was, though the guard that attended him were ostensibly for the purpose of protecting him from disturbance in his visits to the refectory. But these last visits proved as fruitless as many that had preceded them; and so approached the Wednesday in Passion-Week. The scaffolding was then taken down, and nothing but the curtain which concealed the picture remained. And now, when this last evening had given place to darkness and night, Leonardo tossed restlessly upon his couch of tears, and cried out—"Andreas! Andreas! save me in this my greatest earthly need!" But all remained still; all save the death-tick in the rafters; and no Andreas appeared to the suppliant. But at midnight belated travellers saw the windows of the refectory of the Dominican convent gleam with an unearthly light, and a gigantic shadow move to and fro upon the arched ceiling.

Maunday-Thursday at length dawned, joyous and fragrant with violets as that of the preceding year; and Leonardo rose from his couch in a quiet composed frame, becoming one of his noble nature.

At the hour of noon he was conducted to the re-

factory. There a dense crowd was assembled, consisting of the monks of the convent, with the dignified clergy of Milan, all the great and noble of the city, the members of the Academy of Painting, and artists of every kind and degree. The confused hum of the multitude was hushed into a deathlike silence as the master approached. Every look was fixed upon him, as, with eyes bent upon the ground, he leaned against a pillar in a recess of the window.

A noise without announced the approach of the duke, who soon after entered the hall, surrounded by numerous attendants; at his side walked the prior, with a face of triumph.

"Now, master," said the duke, turning to Leonardo, "if it be your pleasure, show to us the picture of the Lord's Supper, which you have completed in a year's time, in obedience to our commands. All our nobles and connoisseurs are assembled to behold what the celebrated painter of Florence has produced."

Incapable of answering, Leonardo bowed low, and remained in a stooping posture, like one awaiting the stroke of the executioner; and at the duke's command the curtain flew back. A general "Ah! ah!" passed through the assembly. But Leonardo still remained stooping, his eyes rooted upon the pavement. Again, after a sudden stillness, burst forth the exclamation, "Ah! ah!"

And now Leonardo timidly raised his eyes, not daring to look at the picture, and yet not able to withhold his glance from turning in that direction. But the moment the painting encountered his uncertain gaze, he started back as if struck by lightning. He looked again, and his beating heart assured him that he indeed lived; that all this was indeed reality, and not the delusion of a dream. The pearly tears gushed from his eyes; he stretched out his arms towards the picture, and exclaimed, in a voice half choked by emotion—"Oh, Andreas! Andreas!"

Before him, in finished beauty, he beheld the twelve apostles, with the heavenly figure of the Redeemer, as they had appeared to him on the evening of his trance. At length the duke turned to Leonardo, and measuring him from head to foot with a long expressive gaze, said to him, "Truly, master Leonardo, you are a great painter; and the gold chain, with which unfortunately we are not provided, shall not be wanting. But you, Father Prior! What say you to this? and what becomes of your penetration? Your reckoning will not bear the proof." Pale as death stood the monk, but made no answer, while louder on every side rose the noisy applause of the multitude; and, with the applause and the flattery with which the master was overpowered, a comparing look, first singly here and there, passed from the painting to the prior, then followed suppressed smiles and whispers, then louder murmurs, and at length all voices burst out into the malicious chorus: "'Tis he! 'tis he!" while Ottaviano, approaching the picture, pointed with his right hand to the painting, and with his left to the prior, and said—"That is Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his Lord and Master!"

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" answered the delighted multitude; while the monks of the convent, concealed behind the throng, hating each other, and still more cordially hating the prior, shouted louder than the rest, "Vere! Vere! est, est, est!" The duke, too, pointed at the unhappy priest, distorted his mouth to a satiric grin, and said, "Est!"

A bitter pang shot through Leonardo's bosom.

It is true, he had at first been gratified with the low whispered recognition of Judas; but the now triumphant shouting of the assembly disgusted him, and he felt it was a discord, destroying the harmony which the representation of a scene so blessed should have produced. It was only afterwards, when connoisseurs and lovers of the art lingered by the other figures of the picture, that more pleasurable feelings were restored, and that he heard with cheerfulness the various criticisms which were bestowed upon his work. After this manner, therefore, did Leonardo da Vinci complete his picture of the Lord's Supper, and his fame spread throughout Milan. On the same day the whole population crowded to the refectory, many of them, however, less with the intention of gazing with holy devotion upon the noble picture, than out of curiosity to see the Judas Iscariot; for the prior had contrived to draw upon himself the dislike of all, old and young, rich and poor, chiefly on account of the baneful influence he exercised over the mind of the prince. Leonardo was completely overpowered by the burden of this fortunate day. Every one desired to see him; every one wished to entertain the man who had finished so great, so glorious a work; every one, according to his taste and his means, sought to testify his admiration, and it was late at night before the painter succeeded in escaping from the throng, into the quiet asylum of his lonely chamber.

Here, where for so long a time had been heard only sighs of hopeless anguish, flowed now unrestrained tears of joy and gratitude.

"Thou hast kept thy word, my faithful master!" exclaimed the happy one, his full heart panting for utterance. "Oh, what can I do to render myself more worthy of thy fatherly love? Henceforward my life shall be devoted to fulfilling thy instructions, even as I have practised them to this day!"

Sleep, which had so long forsaken him, gently rocked the exhausted painter in her arms; and, as he slept, Andreas appeared to him, but his countenance was grave and stern. "What!" he spake angrily, "thou hast faithfully followed my precepts?—Oh, Leonardo! Thy heart is not yet free from earthly pollution. Love your enemies—bless them that curse you—do good to them that despitefully use you; that is our Lord's commandment. Hast thou kept this commandment? How often have I warned thee never to enter upon thy labors in a spirit of petty malice, or to transfer to thy productions the hateful or disgusting peculiarities of an enemy? What were my words to thee in the last hour I spent upon earth?—that such labors never attain immortality. Hast thou kept the promise thou madest me, when the angel of death called me from thee? Thou turnest away in shame and remorse, for thy conscience awakens; and now the truth dawns upon thee, that the pious devotion with which thy work was begun forsook thee, when, in Judas Iscariot, thou couldst pander to a base revenge. Thy object is attained; the prior is trampled to the earth; never again will he have it in his power to injure thee. But this object might have been reached without also insulting him in his fall. A contemptible and secondary motive—the gratification of a moment—had more weight with thee, than the completion of a perfect work. And to this moment thou hast sacrificed the immortality of thy masterpiece. Yes, Leonardo, madly and sinfully hast thou cast away the greater, to obtain the less. But thy sin was committed in a time of heart-blindness; therefore pardon, as well as pun-

ishment, has been awarded thee ; pardon, in that I was permitted to hear thee, in thy hour of greatest earthly need ; (for it was indeed thy greatest, both as man and artist—henceforth none like it will darken thy horizon;) for this purpose I returned upon earth ; and with the hues of heaven I painted the Lord of Glory. But I bring also thy punishment ; for even this divine and sacred portion of thy picture will not escape the sad consequence of thy sin. For this is the curse of evil, that the good with which it is mingled is involved in its destruction. How could the representation of that most holy feast of love be gifted with enduring excellence, when with thine own hand thou hadst degraded it into a farce—when the laugh of vulgar malice was permitted to desecrate a scene which should only have awakened deep and solemn devotion ! Therefore thy painting must perish. Yes, my son, thy picture shall perish, but not thy fame. Unskillful hands will seek to restore what time has despoiled ; but, together with their touches, will all that is original gradually fall to dust. Only many thousand copies will tell to the most distant ages, how glorious that great original must have been. But none will give again the figure of the Lord as it there stands. To do this, is the pencil or graver of no mortal capable. The greatest ornament of thy painting will be lost, and in this consists thy greatest punishment. Future generations shall see only as in a dull mirror the divine countenance of the Redeemer, as I have there depicted it, though even from the imperfect copy they will be exalted into a state of holy joy and admiration. But I enjoin upon thee silence regarding the assistance I have rendered thee. The knowledge that through this assistance alone thou and thy picture have arrived at such distinction—a knowledge which thou must lock up in a grateful heart, will keep thee humble amid the incense-clouds of praise ; will purify and ennable thy mind, by imparting to it a tone of pensiveness, so that thou mayst ever be ready to acknowledge, with humility and gratitude, that every good which befalls weak, erring man comes from above. It will teach thee also to appreciate the merits of others, even when these seek thine hurt. In thy writings alone thou art permitted to bury my secret ; for no one will read them. They, and all thou hast laid down in them for the well-being and happiness of mankind, shall rest quietly with the dead. The dust of solitary libraries will cover them, and thy labors shall be hidden and useless, until, after long centuries, a few sparks will escape from these ashes, into a luxurious and all-knowing world too wise to be instructed. Thou sighest !—thou groanest ! Be comforted, Leonardo. The evil that it was my duty to announce to thee is now ended. Behold now the brighter prospect, which thy loving master is permitted to display to thee. Like gold out of the fire, thou goest forth out of this last error. Low, unworthy passion shall never more stain the purity of thy life. Thou wilt drink the bitter cup of persecution, but that will only conduce to thy perfection ; and while others excel as artists, thou shalt be great and honorable as a man. Me thou shalt see no more upon earth, for thou wilt not again require my aid ; but, in a better land—a land of undisturbed love and felicity—we shall be reunited ; and when thy last hour approaches, as I may not myself conduct thee over death's gloomy threshold, I will send thee for a token my favorite flower—the sacred, snow-white lily ; when her fragrance greets thee, remember that it is the odor of Paradise. Then, on the bosom of the noblest of his age, thou shalt sink into thy last slumber, in the

arms of a king, as becometh Leonardo da Vinci ! Farewell, my son !

" Oh ! tarry a moment longer ! " cried Leonardo, " my beloved master ! One word more respecting eternity ! "

In vain ! Andreas had disappeared ; and when Leonardo opened his eyes, the early dawn of Good Friday glimmered on the walls of his apartment.

Strengthened and refreshed, a new life seemed to open before him. Sentence had been passed upon his picture, but it disturbed him not, for he felt that it was just. But the future which his master had revealed to him awakened in his heart a feeling of noble exultation, softened by a vein of tender melancholy. From that time forward his life was passed in Milan, in uninterrupted peace, and the esteem of his fellow-citizens, until his patron, the duke, betrayed by his own crooked policy into the hands of Louis XII., was carried prisoner into France. Upon this, Leonardo left Milan, and returned to his darling Florence, where, in company with Michel Angelo Buonarotti, he produced many wonderful pictures. Michel Angelo soon left Florence and went to Rome, where, together with Rafaello Langio, he became engaged in those important works which still shed such lustre on the names of both.

There were times when Leonardo da Vinci longed also to visit Rome, that his pencil might contribute to its decoration ; and for this purpose he travelled thither in the suite of Julian de Medicis. But the enmity of Buonarotti, who had already acquired firm footing there, together with other circumstances, occasioned him so much sorrow and mortification, that he very shortly left Rome. But all these mortifications and persecutions he endured with the greatest mildness ; never again degraded his noble art to be the avenger of his private wrongs ; and lived, warmly loved and esteemed, to an advanced age. It was then that he received the invitation to visit France. His hand, however, had now lost its firmness ; he felt his bodily powers were decayed, and no longer capable of calling into existence the once brilliant picturings of his fancy ; he consigned his pencil, therefore, to eternal rest ; while, honored and beloved by old and young, high and low, he enjoyed a green old age. And when at length the weakness and infirmities of seventy-five years confined him at Fontainebleau to a sick bed, and his eyes became dim, his soul longed for the approach of that last hour which was to unite him with his faithful master in the abode of the blessed. One day, as he lay upon his couch in silent devotion, it seemed to him as if he heard the tones of an organ floating on the still air, accompanying the blessed words of Institution in the Holy Eucharist, as he had heard them on the threshold of the refectory in the Dominican convent at Milan ; he perceived also that odor of Paradise, which Andreas had given him for a token. Joyfully he lifted his fainting head, and gazed through the opening door ; a garland of lilies, with their fragrant, snow-white bells, was borne into the room—they were the lilies of France. The master sank back, smiling, whilst over him was whispered—

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Paradisi gloria ! *

He breathed his last in the arms of the noble, chivalrous King of France, Francis the First.

* Literally—" When the body shall die, grant that to the soul may be given the glory of Paradise."

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Gallus, oder Römische Scenen aus der Zeit Augusts Zur Erläuterung der wesentlichsten Gegenstände aus dem häuslichen Leben der Römer.* Von WILH. ADOLPH BECKER, Prof. a. d. U. Leipzig. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1838.
2. *Charikles: Bilder altgriechische Sitte. Zur genaueren Kenntniss des Griechischen Privatlebens.* Von W. A. BECKER. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1840.
3. *Gallus; or Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursus, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.* Translated from the German by Frederick Metcalfe, B. A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. 12mo. London. 1845.
4. *Charicles; or Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursus.* Translated from the German by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. 12mo. London. 1846.

FROM very childhood we have been accustomed to look up with admiring wonder at the mighty nations of Greece and Rome, as exhibited in pages of history or blazoned by the poet. We there behold the hero in his battle-field or his triumphal procession; the statesman in the senate; the orator in the forum; the philosopher in his school, his portico, or his garden. But in these volumes we track the actors home—get a pleasant peep into their retired vales of life—where every one is alike engaged in that round of small concerns which, with some curious modifications and varieties, constitute the every-day existence of us all. We may hope here to contemplate *the People* generally in their domestic habits, their social circles, their private amusements; to find materials for judging of the individual relations of man to man, and how woman fared among them.

Through such scenes we could not have a more agreeable or more faithful guide than Professor Becker. To a very extensive research he has brought the most patient industry and minute observation; compelling every collateral matter and every incidental expression to converge for the elucidation of any given point—

“Nec desinit unquam
Secum Graia loqui, secum Latina vetustas.”

But he has by no means contented himself with the written records of antiquity. He has ransacked the ruins of empires, and rummaged the museums of existing governments; where monumental inscriptions and bas-reliefs, statues, paintings, fistic vases with their encaustic figures, coins, gems and medals are often made to speak more plainly than the most luminous descriptions found in books.

Others, from the like sources, had endeavored to investigate similar subjects; and their labors are noticed in the preface, and occasionally, in elaborate discussion, throughout the notes: sometimes with merited commendation—but often also with unmerited censure. For it is admitted, as a reason for undertaking the work—we consider *Gallus* and *Charicles* as parts of one production—that its object has not been made the especial purpose of any preceding author. Those, therefore, whose professed design embraced only a part of M. Becker's—and those again of whose professed design *his* only included a portion—should not be rudely censured for deficiency, where completeness was never pretended. And such strictures are less excusable in

one who, professing at the outset to give a complete view of his subject, yet acknowledges having left some matters imperfectly treated, because elaborately discussed by former writers; and confesses to have omitted altogether, as of too wide a scope for his undertaking, the public games and festivals of Greece—the shows, circus, and amphitheatre of Rome—and the theatres and drama of both countries—though these respectively exercised, in each, the most powerful influence on their moral and physical condition; no small part in the “*private life*” of a people. M. Becker, in short, has as much need, as any whom he censures, of Columella's very pertinent apology:—“Neque enim est ulla disciplina aut ars que singulari consummata sit ingenio: quapropter, ut in magnâ silvâ boni venatoris est feras quamplurimas capere, nec cuiquam culpa fuit non omnes cepisse: ita nobis satis abundeque est tam diffusæ materiæ quam suscipimus maximam partem tradidisse, quippe cum in eâ velut omissa desiderentur quæ non sunt propria nostræ professionis.”—*De Re Rust.* 5, 1, ap. init.

In the plan of the professor all idea of a romance is anxiously disclaimed: only so much fiction being employed as to give a pleasant personal interest to details which, as isolated facts, would weary any but the most dogged antiquary. Both stories are simple in their structure; but ingeniously devised to collect in clusters, like crystals round salient points, the particulars required for illustration; which is effected with considerable elegance both of fancy and expression; forming, as his preface to *Gallus* characterizes it, a piece of marquetry, [Zusammensetzung eines Mosaikgemäldes,] the fiction being the plain ground, serving to connect and give relief to the colored pieces of the picture. This is said of what may be called the text of the work, independent of the multitudinous and proportionately voluminous digressions; which prove the impracticability of involving in a narration—without smothering its interest and deforming its beauty—the mass of minutiae required for critical disquisition. Readers, therefore, who seek only amusement, must fix their eyes on what we have called the text of the tales, and never advert to the notes or the digressions (excursus, as they are somewhat pedantically called:); and this the German reader will more easily do than the English; for the translator has placed the notes in the same page with the text.

For the purpose of the author, *Gallus* is a person well selected. There is a halo of celebrity about his name, which gives the interest of reality; whilst there is an obscurity with regard to the details of his life, leaving a license to fiction without the risk of historic incongruity. *Gallus* was a favorite of Augustus, and one in that poetical constellation which illustrated his reign; but, like one of those stars whose disappearance from the firmament puzzles philosophers, his splendor is now only heard of; his works have perished. He was the admired friend of Virgil (whose most celebrated Eclogue bears his name:); noticed with honor by Horace, Cicero, Pollio, Propertius; and Ovid, in allusion probably to his military and political importance as well as to his poetical fame, thus characterizes him and his mistress:—

“Gallus et Hesperiis et Gallus notus Eōis,
Et sus cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.”

These lines have furnished an appropriate motto to the German edition of the *Gallus*; but the few words of Plutarch prefixed to *Charicles* would have

served equally well for either story:—"A slight circumstance, or expression, or joke even, will often convey a clearer idea of national character and manners, than the account of a battle where ten thousand men have perished."

The Roman narrative opens with Gallus (such as we have described him) returning home late at night from a party. Of his family, his was only the third generation who had enjoyed the honor of Roman citizenship, and they had, according to usual practice, assumed the name of Cornelius, as that of the patron to whose influence they were indebted for the franchise. Yet his mansion exhibits all the external insignia and internal decoration that would seem to indicate an ancient and illustrious descent: just as we see our upstarts assuming the armorial bearings of any noble family whose patronymic happens in whatever way to be also theirs. Gallus, however, has distinguished himself both in warfare and civil administration; and in these, and especially in his prefecture of Egypt, had amassed a princely property.

This minion of fortune was attended, as usual, by a train of adulatory friends and envious maligners; as usual, too, in this latter class the bitterest was a brother poet.

Ταξιδότοις δ' ἔναντι εἰρήνης δνοιεῖ

Ἐγειρούσαις γιλούσαις χραιστεῖ.—*Eurip. Androm. 475.*)

This man, Largus,† observing some interchange of taunt expressions between Augustus and Gallus, conspired with others to excite the despot to further proofs of displeasure; and aware of Gallus' impatience of injustice, of the generous impetuosity of his character, and especially of the failing which Ovid imputes to him—

"Linguam nimio non tenuisse mero," (*Trist. ii. 446*)—

cunningly draws him on at a festive board to a treasonable defiance, and even menacing, of Augustus. Gallus is condemned by the servile senate, and dies what is called a "Roman death;"—that is, one in which a pusillanimous anticipation of prolonged suffering inspires the coward with a momentary courage.

Such is the tragedy of Gallus; which is followed by Charicles, we will not say like the farce, but like the "entertainment" in a modern theatre; for the story is of the very simplest construction. That period is chosen when, Greece being under Macedonian domination, and men less occupied in public affairs, the characteristics of domestic life became more prominently distinguishable: and this forms the author's very sufficient reason for selecting a private individual to give name and personality to his work. The hero is introduced as travelling (about midsummer of the year 329 b. c.) from Argos to Corinth, on his way, after six years' absence, to Athens for claiming his inheritance there. He has just emerged from the class of ephebi, and attained his legal majority of twenty years. He is of powerfully active form, of gallant bearing, with amiable and refined physiognomy. He is mounted on a noble steed, and followed by a running footman—a slave of about thirty years of age, sweating under a carpet-bag (*στρωματεῖς*) supplementary to the horseman's portmanteau (*πλέα*). They stop at

* Πόλιγμος βραχὶ πολλάκις καὶ ὄχια καὶ παιδία τις
τραχαῖς ἡθοῖς ἐποίητε μᾶλλον ἢ μάχαι μισθώσκετο.—
Plutarch, *Alexand. op. init.*

† Celebrated by Ovid, *Epist. Pont. iv. 16, 17.*

a pleasant spot (pleasantly described) to breakfast; and are joined by an unattended pedestrian traveller who recognizes Charicles as an old schoolfellow—if fellows they could be called, one of whom was the son of a high-born burgher, while the other earned his instruction in the school by performing menial offices for keeping it in order. Charicles, however, by what Sir Thomas Browne calls "reminiscential evocations," is delighted to acknowledge Ctesiphon, the friend of his boyhood; who, though by two years his senior, had been a good-natured playmate and often assisted him in his lessons.

The friends proceed to Corinth, where they part for a while; Ctesiphon going to a friend's house and Charicles to that of Sotades, to whom he had been recommended as a respectable person willing to accept money for accommodating a stranger.

Venus, as all know, had one of her grandest temples at Corinth; and the city, so lauded by lascivious poets, became in plain English the brothel of Greece. Hence M. Becker represents the elder of the youths as cautioning the younger in what some construe the true sense of the proverb—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."**

But the character of Corinth does not depend on the construction of a proverb: it is wrought into the very language of Greece, in which the debauched were said *Kορινθιάσσειν*. Here, then, Charicles finds his "respectable" host is the pander to his own daughters, by whose wiles the youth is snared, and from whose bullies he is rescued by Ctesiphon. They proceed by sea to Athens, where Charicles finds Phorion, his father's friend and depositary, faithfully ready to surrender his trust: and the young Athenian citizen is soon established in his family mansion. He falls in love at first sight with a lady dabbling her feet in a brook, and grows very moody on discovering her to be married. Polycles, an old friend of his father, has been struck by apoplexy on the very day of his nuptials with Cleobule, a beautiful girl of sixteen: hearing, however, that the son of his old friend had arrived in Athens, he wishes for an interview before he dies. Charicles finds him nursed by the lovely bride, whom, at the first glance, he recognizes as his nymph of the brook; and her present perturbation convinces him that she had been no less impressed than himself at their former meeting. The husband leaves his wealth to the virgin widow. In the mean time, by the common trick of tokens left with an exposed infant, Charicles is discovered to have been a supposititious child, palmed by a barren wife on a credulous husband. The real father, as the executor

* Strabo, s. 6. 20, is here cited by M. Becker. Some, however, apply the proverb to elucidate the difficulty of attaining any object, in allusion to the notorious difficulty noticed by Suidas of navigating the approaches to Corinth. So Horace in *Epist. i. 17, 36*—for the whole epistle is a lesson to Scævola how to work his way into the harbor of court favor. Gellius, on the contrary, says the proverb originated in the price at which Lais, the Corinthian courtesan, sold her favors. Others, again, derive the proverb from the general luxury and extravagance of Corinthian life. It is odd that Erasmus, in his *Adagia*, has not noticed the proverb at all. Luxury and effeminacy, however, were the general character of the Greeks, long before they came into national contact with the Romans; except from acquaintance with the Sybarites and other Greek colonies in Southern Italy. And the reproof continued long after the Romans were only less refined, and not less luxurious, than the Greeks. "Dies noctes bibite, peregrinamini," &c. Plut. *Mos. i. 21*; and Cic. *Ver. i. 26*, "Invitatio ut Graeco more bibetur."

of Polycles, has the disposal in marriage of Cleobule, and, of course, bestows her on Charicles.

The reader will readily imagine that the circumstances constituting even this very general outline of the two stories must afford many opportunities of exhibiting the private life of the respective nations; and the ingenuity of the professor is most successfully exerted in filling up the pictures with various and interesting details, dexterously dovetailed into the narratives. After all, however, we do not become acquainted with the *national* private life of either Greeks or Romans, but with that only of their higher classes. Nor is the author at all in fault. The remains of classical antiquity, literary, numismatic, or monumental, reflect hardly a gleam of light into that deep obscurity, where unheeded millions, from generation to generation, passed away; whether in comfort or in misery excited no inquiry. Philanthropy, in its extended sense, formed no part of heathen virtue, and no question in the schools of heathen philosophy. The Christian revelation was required to teach men that all are fellow-creatures of one God—all children of one father. The heathen substitute for this sublime principle was patriotism; a contracted kind of virtue at best, and upon which (especially with regard to classical ages) a most undue meed has been conferred. It is quite true that our active duties are first required for those with whom the laws of nature and of society have more immediately connected us; for if we do not serve them, who will? and, besides, we can in that limited sphere best judge of the requirements for good, and of the means of effecting them; therefore true patriotism, where selfish interest is sacrificed to public weal, is a noble virtue. But the question arises, what is the good contemplated? Is it the happiness of the general mass of the society, or only the prosperity of that dominant portion of it which monopolizes political power?

The patriotism of antiquity was exclusively of this latter description—and though, by gusts in the same direction, modern patriots may be warped from the right track, still they have a star in heaven, by which all are agreed they *ought* to steer: even self-interest, therefore, will prevent a total aberration.

How wide the occasional divergence may be, is seen in the long prevalence and unquestioned toleration, in modern times, of public and domestic slavery. But the principle of Christianity, not based like heathenism on the shifting sand of tradition, but on imperishable Scripture, proclaiming the filial equality of men in the sight of God, gradually wrought upon the human heart, till slavery became first modified, and at length, in the most enlightened part of Christendom, wholly abolished.

Various have been the definitions given of slavery, and Cicero's has been often cited as the best. "Servitude," he says, "is the subjection of a broken-down and abject spirit deprived of the exercise of its own will." The feeling with which this is obviously written seems to have procured it acceptance.* But it is a mere euphemismus for heathen slavery, where the master could with impunity

* *Servitus est obedientia fracti animi et abjecti, et arbitrio parentis suo.* (*Parad. 5. 1. op. fin.*) It may be well to take this early opportunity of stating that we shall cite, especially, any authority on which we found our own observations or assertions; but for the authorities cited by M. Becker we must refer to his work, for they are far too numerous to be adduced here. Whenever we have tracked him, we have found him truthful—though occasionally differing from us on the value of the evidence for establishing the point in question.

nity torture or kill, or, in his tenderest mercy, sell the slave at his pleasure:—in brief, that state of social relation in which a man became the *chattel* of his owner, who might use or abuse, sell or destroy his property, and exclaim without any to gainsay him, "I do as I will with my own." The amount of misery which under such license furious or malignant tempers might produce, cannot be calculated, but imagination can hardly overrate it; and even the indirect influence of habitually unbridled passions must have been painfully felt in all the relations of domestic life and of social intercourse.

The system, however, was considerably modified by the characters and institutions of different nations, or peoples (like the Grecian states) of the same nation. In barbarous countries, as in the barbarous times of the Greeks themselves, slavery generally prevailed with all its atrocities; and these were exhibited in the most exaggerated form at Sparta, where Lycurgus (or the system bearing that name) had strained every string of human nature to the utmost, and had succeeded in denaturalizing the people to a degree which, but for the conscientious voice of history, would have been deemed an incredible fiction. Under this happily anomalous system a whole race—men, women, and children—were reduced to a slavery unequalled even by that of Israel in Goshen. They who had the charge of Spartan youth, in order to initiate them in stratagem and to flesh them for slaughter, sent them forth to lie hid during day, and at night to waylay and murder every Helot they could find. But in this was a double policy;* for they not only gave a finish to educational accomplishment, but kept down the numbers of those whom they at once dreaded and despised. The same base principle led to the perpetration of an act exhibiting so flagitious a combination of dastard treachery, of ingratitude, and of cruelty, as is unparalleled even in the polluted pages of history. Thucydides, a contemporary witness, thus records the transaction:—

"The Lacedemonians, dreading the strength and numbers of the Helot youth, (for in all times the Helots were to the Lacedemonians a subject of the most anxious apprehension,) made a proclamation, that *such as should be deemed to have rendered, during the late extremities of the state, most service in the war, should be made free*; thus obtaining a knowledge of those who, being the most forward to claim the distinction, would be the most likely to be leaders in a revolt. Some two thousand were thus led about to the temples with crowns of liberty; but in a short time all these disappeared, and no one knew how they perished."[†]

And Plutarch, near 600 years after, confessing that he knew no more, might well add the common saying—"In Lacedemon the freeman is most free, and the slave most a slave." (*Lycurg. t. 1. p. 57.*)

Strange that neither of these impressively characteristic circumstances should be noticed by M. Becker, in any of those elaborate notes and excursus, which prove that he by no means intended his work to give a mere description of chairs and tables, of chitons and togas.

Athenian slavery was in the opposite extreme to that of Lacedemon; the other states of Greece probably partaking more or less in the character of the two dominant powers.

The most important advantages of the Athenian slave were, that his life, at least, could be forfeited

* *Vide* Plutarch's account of the *Kleunaria* or Spartan ambuscades, in *Lycurg.* 1, 56 E.

[†] *Thucyd.* (*Dukeri.*) 4. 80.

only by sentence of law; that when cruelly treated he might take refuge in the sanctuary of certain temples; and that then, if his complaint were found just, his master was compelled to sell him. For this, and other extreme cases, there appear to have been judges appointed, similar to our protectors of slaves in the West Indies and of natives in Australia. Still, however, even the Athenian slave was in a wretched condition. The pillory, (*πιλόρη* ξιλων.) scourging, and branding on the forehead, which were the punishments for *crimes* in the free, were the corrections for common faults in the slave. As preventives, too, of the most frequent fault, that of running away, fetters were imposed, especially on those employed in cultivating the farms and in working the mines; and in Athens as well as in Rome the porter who opened the doors for the admission or retirement of festive parties—such, perhaps, as he had been accustomed to frequent in his own country—was often chained to his cell on one side, as the house-dog to his kennel on the other. M. Becker ridicules Wüstemann and Böttiger for supposing that female slaves were sometimes employed as porters, (*Gal.* 1, pp. 34, 35,) and perhaps their authorities (*Tibul.* 1, 8, 76, and 1, 6, 61, with *Plaut. Curc.* 1, 1, 76) may admit of some doubt; but that such was the practice in the heroic ages, at least, was certainly the opinion of Euripides and his audiences; for he introduces the captured Hecuba as anticipating, among other probable events, that she might be destined to keep the outer door:—*Ηασι προθήνος γιλακια κατιχουσα*, (*Troad.* 194;) and again, *Η θυγάτης λίτην κλίδας γιλάσσει τη τερούσα* (*Exoq.*, (*Id.* 492:))—though without the previous passage this might have been construed as alluding only to her becoming keeper of the household stores (*ταῦλα*). How long such barbarities continued is not known; but it is pleasant to contrast with these the chivalrous conduct of Alexander towards the captive widow and daughters of Darius.

How prone slaves were to abscond may be gathered from their being made to precede their master, when attending him in public. Yet, under the much harsher rule of Roman masters, this precaution does not appear to have been taken, as the term *pedissequus* shows; and though that is used as the correlative of *άκολονθος*, this bears no such etymological evidence of sequence to the person it designates.*

M. Becker observes (*Charicles*, t. ii. 51) that no appeal seems to have been made to a sense of disgrace in the punishment of slaves. But this is not consistent with the admission (p. 53) of branding being deemed such, for the hair was arranged to conceal it when on the forehead. The pillory, also, must be considered as adding a painful sense of shame to corporal suffering. And if there were no punishment of a merely ignominious character, like the *furca* of the Romans, what are we to understand by the *zlobas*—which, in the next page, he admits to have been occasionally used simply as a collar round the neck?

M. Becker's observation, too, is hardly consistent with the studied ignominy which various customs stamped on the whole class. Their testimony (except in urgent cases of murder, where other

*There is a curious etymological indication of an intermediate state of servitude in our olden time, when personal attendants, in public, were called *henchmen*, men at the *haunch*, or side; in the Scotch dialect lackeys are still called *flunkies*—“And flunkies shal tend you wherever you gae” (*Auld Robin Gray*)—which is from old French, *flanchier*.

witnesses could not be had) was wholly disregarded, unless extorted on the rack; and the utter worthlessness of such a test of truth, if not suggested by the humanity of the Athenians, was detected by the shrewdness of their lawyers, who, when their case required, often exposed the absurdity of trusting to such evidence, though, on contrary occasions, availings themselves of popular prejudice, they were not ashamed of appealing to it as the most infallible exponent of truth. Nor have we reason to plume ourselves on more enlightened views. The experience of above two thousand years, and the benign influence of Christianity for above seventeen hundred years, were required to abolish the torture in all but some of the benighted nooks of Christendom. And the abolition might have been much longer delayed but for the publication of one little volume, and, perhaps, of one little sentence in that volume, combining the most mathematically logical precision with the most biting sarcasm:—“Given the strength of the muscles, and the sensibility of the nerves of an innocent person, it is required to find the degree of pain which shall make him confess himself guilty of a given crime.”*

Slaves were excluded from some of the most venerated temples, as profaning such by their presence. The natural right even of self-defence was denied to the slave, who might not resist personal violence from a stranger. The master could prosecute for the damage done to his property.

There was, however, in the slavery of Athens, a modifying circumstance highly creditable to the character of her legislation, which, though unnoticed by M. Becker, must materially have influenced “private life.” The slave was allowed to acquire a *peculium*, or personal property, paying an annual per centage to the master. His savings were principally collected from the allowances which we call board wages; and when the amount was sufficient for the payment of the regulated sum, he could demand his freedom.† Yet still the *lord* kept up an indefinite kind of claim for presents on the birth or marriage of children, &c., like the beggarly “*incidental prerogatives*” in the old feudal seigniories, or the beggarly “*repeal rent*” of modern days extorted from the clutch of the starving Irish peasant—like these, too, called, no doubt, “*free gifts*,” though accompanied, no doubt also, with the same feeling which Terence's Davus expresses with such just bitterness:—

*“Data la forza dei muscoli, e la sensibilità delle fibre d'un innocente, trovare il grado di dolore che lo farà confessare reo di un dato delitto.” (Beccaria, dei Delitti e delle Pene, sec. 16.) The seed fell on good ground, warmed and enlightened by the fostering rays of Gospel benignity. The first edition was printed at Milan (though professedly from the republican press at Lucca); and that here cited is the sixth, printed at Harlem, but sold in Paris in 1776, with a commentary by Voltaire. Seventeen hundred years before, the same sentiment had been announced, though not in the same pithy form, by Quintilian: “In tormentis —cum pars altera questionem vera fatendi necessitatem vocat, altera saepe etiam causam falsa dicendi; quod alii patientia facile mendacium faciat, alii infirmitas necessarium.” (Instit. 5. 4. ap. init.) But this fell on stony ground. The effect of Beccaria's book exhibits in a remarkable degree not only the direct but the reflex influence of Christianity. The arch-infidel of France was its first eulogistic commentator; and the first sovereigns adopting its principles in the reform of their criminal codes, were Frederic of Prussia and Catherine of Russia; two of the least Christianized characters that ever sat upon a Christian throne—and that is saying much.

†*Plaut. Cas.*, 25, 5—for the prologue professes it to be taken from a Grecian drama: vid. also Dion. Chrysost. Orat. 15.

“ Nam herilem filium ejus duxisse audio
 Uxorem: ei, credo, munus hoc conraditur.
 Quam iniquum comparatum est, ii qui minus habent
 Ut semper aliquid addant divitioribus!
 Quod ille, uinciatim, vix de demenso suo,
 (Suum defraudans genium,) comparsit miser,
 Id illa universum abripiet; haud existumans
 Quanto labore partum. Porro autem Geta
 Ferietur alio munere ubi heri pepererit;
 Porro alio autem ubi erit buero natalis dies:
 Ubi initiauit: omne hoc mater auferet:
 Puer caussa erit mittundi.” (*Phorm. I. i.*)

What a list of mean exactions is here!—and the *Phormio* is a Grecian story.

The influence of the “wolf’s milk” in the moral constitution of the Romans is nowhere more apparent than in the authorized treatment of their slaves and of their children; for these, in fact, were but a class in the slave family—all might be alike sold, lacerated, tortured, killed, at the caprice of the domestic despot. Such a barbarous power was taken from the Athenian parent as early as the time of Solon, by whose code children were considered the property of the state, and a daughter and a sister could only be sold when convicted of incontinence. But the lapse of near six centuries, and the Christian influence of more than one century, were required before Hadrian interposed the shield of the law between the Roman master and the life of his slave.* And still it was only actual murder that was prohibited. After a long course of labor and cruel inflictions had rendered the slave unsaleable and unprofitable to keep, his master might turn him adrift—and such was the practice of the elder Cato, the vaunted censor of heathen morality.†

The apology made for the dreadful oppression of slaves was that of self-defence from their general vicious character, and their especial malignity towards their masters. But, as the wife of Bath asks—“ Who painteth the lion?—tell me, who?!”

And who goaded the lion?—The real cause of the cruelty was its ordinary concomitant, cowardice. The proud indolence, the luxury, and the ostentation of wealth produced in both Greece and Rome such a numerical superiority of the bond over the free, that every man, living in apprehension both of domestic conspiracy and of public revolt, sought to soothe his own fears by inspiring greater. Thus, on the domestic murder of Pedanius Secundus, a man of consular rank, Tacitus tells us 400 of his slaves were executed. (*Annal. 14. 43.*)

In the archonship of Demetrius Phalereus (b. c. 317—327) the slaves in Attica amounted to 400,000; the free only to 31,000. Corinth had 460,000; Aegina 470,000 slaves. Among the Romans the disproportion of bond and free was probably still greater, as the numbers in the possession of opulent individuals certainly were. Pliny tells us that Isidorus, though reduced in circumstances by the civil war, left at his death 4116 slaves. This greater excess proceeded from more extensive conquests and the opportunities for individuals to accumulate enormous wealth. But in both nations every family at all above indigence had numbers of slaves; and in the more opulent the difficulty seems to have been how, even with the nicest subdivision of labor, to contrive employment for all. We find the same propensity to be surrounded by supernumerary attendants whenever, as in some of our colonial possessions, any numbers may be had at the cost of

a scanty maintenance. The slaves of antiquity, however, were not the mere appendages of luxury; they were also cultivators of the soil and laborers in the manufacture of its produce—but with this distinction: the Greek proprietor often manufactured for sale—the Roman only for domestic consumption. M. Becker states the difference without observation on the probable cause of it (*Charicles*, t. ii., p. 356.) This, perhaps, may be traced, firstly, to the pride of the Roman grandee, not deigning to have it supposed that “ *Ars illi sua census erat*”—or to be numbered among those who “ *sedem animæ in extremis digitis habent*”—those who, as Bacon expresses it, “ requiring rather the finger than the arm, have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition.” “ *Nam ubi cupido divitiarum invasit, neque discipline, neque artes bone, neque ingenium ullum satispollet, quin animus, magis aut minus maturæ, postremo tamen succumbit.*” (*Sallust. de Repub. Ordinand.*) The Roman historian had here, no doubt, Tyre and Carthage in his mind, as old John Perin had when he exclaimed with better reason than rhythm:

“ England, take heade! To thee such chaunce
 may come;
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.”*

Another reason for the difference may have been, that strangers exercising trades or manufactures in Athens were subjected to a tax, which whosoever failed to pay was sold as a slave—and the exemption from which operated as premium to encourage industry in the citizen; whilst Rome was a mart open to the competition of all comers—“ *Mundi face repleta*”—and these dregs of foreigners were contented, like our mediæval Jews, from love of lucre, to suffer numerous indignities and even occasional temporary expulsion.†

Becker’s assertion, however, that the Roman grandees did not manufacture for sale, should have been qualified by one singular exception. Crassus (one of the wealthiest unthrone individuals on record) owed his greatest riches to his *manufacture* of highly accomplished slaves, to whose education in various arts he sedulously and even personally attended (*Plutarch, Crass. ap. init.*, t. i. 543-4;) and such we find were sold at enormous prices. Seneca tells us of a pretender to literature keeping many learned slaves, for each of whom he had given above 800/-—the cost of a mere laborer varying from about 3/- to 32/-. Suetonius says Cæsar gave prices of which himself was ashamed. (*Jul. 47.*) But the Greeks were much less extravagant in this, as in other articles of luxury: for (as we have before observed) in their small states, individuals had no opportunity of amassing inordinate wealth.

The influence of this was apparent in the uses to which slaves were applied in the respective countries. During their early intercourse the Romans were as much imitators of the Greeks, as the

* Serpent of Division, by J. Perin. London, 1590.

† By the Junian law, a. u. c. 627; the Papian, 688; and (exceptio medicis et praecceptoribus) even so late as Augustus. *Sueton. Aug. 42.*

‡ Centenis millibus sibi constare singulos servos. (Epist. 27.) This extensive pretension to literature reminds us of having seen an order to a London bookseller, sent by a West-Indian proprietor, who had fitted book-cases to his apartment and only wanted books to possess a library. The order, therefore, specified folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; on divinity, history, philosophy, and the belles-lettres; so many feet and inches, of each size, for each class.

Greeks afterwards became of them. The delicate plants of literature and of the fine arts were not indigenous to the Latian soil: but its inhabitants soon learned to covet the fruits; and Rome became a mart for the books, the pictures, the statues, and the educated slaves of Greece, literate and artistic. Yet for a length of time the wealthy Roman aspired to the possession of these, only in deference to the taste of the distinguished few, and as insignia of emulative opulence; but with an ignorantly latent contempt for the accomplishments of what he deemed an inferior people—somewhat in the spirit of Lord Chesterfield's instruction to his son: “If you are fond of music, it is all well; get a Frenchman or an Italian to twang and whistle to you; but never let me see you with a pipe in your mouth or a fiddle under your chin.” Accordingly the Roman host provided hireling ministers for the gratification of his guests, and so exhibited

“a modish feast,

With amorous song and wanton dances graced:”

—whereas the Grecian entertainer would have been thought inferior in accomplishments, if, however eminent as a warrior and a statesman, he could not take a distinguished part in the exercise of those festive arts which at once animated and graced society. Epaminondas, in Cicero's opinion the most illustrious character in Greece,

“Where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,”

was celebrated for singing and playing on the harp (*Tusc. Quest. 1, 2.*) Pelopidas was distinguished by his elegance in dancing and his skill as a musician; and when Themistocles was ridiculed, even in maturity of life and fame, for his deficiency in such points, he thought it necessary to urge, as a compensating talent, his ability to render great and celebrated the state which at first had come under his administration small and inglorious.*

In the festive parties of Rome money commanded alike the exertion of talents exquisitely refined, or grossly lascivious—in these respects the pupils rivalled the masters; but according to the inborn ferocity of the Roman character, they surpassed them by the introduction of gladiatorial fights at private banquets.†

In their public games the Romans followed the Greeks in a like apish spirit; in a like vicarious exhibition, a like savage rage for witnessing dangers and sufferings which they did not share. And when corruption had reduced the Roman populace to a rabble retaining all the blood-thirstiness without the courage of the wild beast which had always been its type, this vile passion was pandered (as all vile passions ever are) by the sycophantic meanness of political ambition. Hence, in the public shows multitudes of beasts and men were mutilated and murdered by each other, for “a rascal rout” of dastardly spectators to gloat upon. The extent of these enormities may be imagined from the single fact, that they continued one hundred and twenty-three days on the celebration of Trajan's triumph over the Daci, during which 11,000 beasts were killed, and 10,000 gladiators were engaged in mutual wounds and slaughter (Dio. 48, 15.) Well might the historian ascribe to the witnessing of such exhibitions the perversion to barbarity of the natural mansuetude of the first Claudius (40. 14.)

* Plutarch, Themist., t. i., p. 112, C.

† Capitolin. in Ver. 4, ap. fin. and Max. Tyr. 12.

The mania for such shows raged as much in the highest ranks as in the very *quisquiae* of Rome. Senators, and their wives too, even without the apology of a despot's command, “nullo cogente Nerone,”* merely from low ambition, or the still baser love of lucre, incurred the defilement of the arena: “per arenam fedati sunt” (*Tacit. An. 15. 32.*) Yet such may be deemed only the foibles of individuals, compared with the horribly depraved state of the public mind, when the thousands and tens of thousands assembled in their vast amphitheatres compelled, by their clamors, the wretched prostitutes performing in the arena to be stripped naked for their brutal gaze. This is heathen civilization in its most polished age. Even Cato, though aware of the practice, could enter the theatre, and being told the people, out of reverence for him, abstained from their wonted demand, he left the assembly; upon which Martial, with shrewd propriety, asks,

“Knowing the usage of the bestial rout,
Why did you come there?—only to go out?”†

It is to be hoped, as much respect as for Cato was shown to the Roman ladies, for whom Augustus provided seats at the public shows (*Sueton. Aug. 44.*) But perhaps they had the decency to absent themselves from the *Floralia* and *Saturnalia*, when lasciviousness was thought more peculiarly acceptable to their obscene deities, and all kinds of riotous luxury and debauchery had the sanction of the laws.‡

Our readers will remember those terrible lines in *The Castle of Indolence*—

“Now must I mark the villany we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall effusoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven they languished there:
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses
were.”

Close by the amphitheatre was the place called *Spoliarium*, whither were dragged by hooks the bodies of the slaughtered; and where those who were only desperately wounded had their throats cut.§ It might be thought that the door leading to this charnel-house would operate as the skeleton was intended to do at an Egyptian feast; but with the gay Greek and the sensually savage Roman it only strengthened the voluptuary's maxim—and they shouted the louder, “*Dum vivimus vivamus.*”

The Greeks, however, in their own national games, though thoughtless, were not cruel; and since the foremost men, in every department of life,

* Juvenal, viii., 193, and vi., 257, and *Tacit. An. xiv. 14*: Exhibuit autem ad ferrum etiam 400 Senatores, 600 [quere 40 and 60] equites Romanos, &c. *Sueton. Nero, 12.*

† *Epig. i., 3, Ad Catonem*: to which title “nimis severum” is added in the edition “*Jussu Christianissimi Regis in usum Serenissimi Delphini.*”

‡ *Jus luxuriae publice datum est ebrio ac vomitanti populo.* *Senec. Epist. 18.* It is mortifying to remark a kindred spirit of irreverence in the celebration of Christian festivals. Such seasons, it is true, are eminently calculated to excite a gratefully cheerful remembrance of benefits conferred and of hopes assured; and therefore are fitting occasions for a moderate enjoyment, that may animate our thankfulness for the blessings we possess. But how grossly are such occasions perverted into apology for every species of excess, and oblivion of all reverential feelings! Too often the riotous festivities of a Protestant Christmas are only exceeded by the licentiousness of a popish carnival.

§ *Senec. Epistle 93, ap. fin.*; and *Lamprid. Commod., 18.*

frequently appeared as competitors, a certain dignity was imparted, and moderation and propriety imposed; somewhat in degree, and from like causes, as in the tournaments of our days of chivalry.

One remarkable exception occurs: the shameless nudity of the contending parties in the common gymnasium and the public shows. Such a practice originated with the Laecephemians*—who in this, as in so many of their customs, outbarbarized barbarians; for these, and the Romans, and the early Greeks, had the decency in their gymnasium to wear a kind of napkin answering the purpose of drawers†—whilst the Spartan *virgins*, (“*Prosit mihi vos dixisse pueras*,”) “*armed cap-à-pie in nakedness*,” sang and danced in rings formed by the young men, as spectators.‡

Compared with the lash of the heathen satirist, how light is that which the Christian is called upon to wield, notwithstanding the standard of purity to which modern manners must be referred! It was this standard which directed public *opinion* at least, and thereby preventing the open exhibition of indecencies, made even such flagitious courts as those of Charles the Second and Louis the Fifteenth lazarus-houses where the lepers were confined, while the nations were saved from universal pollution. Instead of any such control in the heathen world, every iniquity had a god or goddess to sanction it by example and protect it by patronage, till the most refined societies of both Greece and Rome not only tolerated but gloried in abominations which we cannot even execrate by name.

Vice, therefore, revelled, in Greece at least, without restraint divine or human; for moral satire never dignified her muse, from the personal invectives of Archilochus to the farcical lampoons of Aristophanes. But Rome, it is urged, had her satirists for two hundred and fifty years, (from Lucilius to Juvenal,) and what was her moral superiority to Greece? This is like inferring the inutility of medicine from the continued existence of disease. Though the prevention of crime may not be distinctly traceable to satire, there can be no doubt that public opinion restrains vice; or that a satire, by its popularity, proves that it has influenced public opinion.

The comparative *general* decency of the actors in the Roman games probably originated in the more advanced stage of society at the period of their institution: for assuredly, the regal times of Rome were much more civilized than those of the wander-

*Thucyd. i., 6, ap. fin.

†S. August. de Civitate Dei, l. xiv., c. 17, ap. fin. With regard to the Romans “*vetera disciplina*,” consult Cicero de Off., i., 35, ap. fin.

‡Plutarch, *Lycurg.*, i., 47 F., 48 A.; and Plato, (de Repub., l. v.,) near 600 years afterwards, in the most refined period of Grecian society, could imagine nothing more excellent for his Utopian Republic—happily still the “*Kennaquhair*” of modern geography.

This humorous and accurate translation of *Utopia* by Scott, reminds us of a mistaken one in Richardson's admirable addition to our lexicography, his “*New Dictionary of the English Language*;” new, indeed, and supplying a great desideratum—as exhibiting the biography of each word, its birth, parentage, and education, the changes that have befallen it, the company it has kept, and the connections it has formed, by a rich series of citations—all in *chronological order*. As to the word *Utopia*, however, he, in company with Johnson and Todd, begins with a mistake; deriving it from *eu* and *τόπος*, instead of *eu* and *τόπος*, as explained by Plato himself at the conclusion of his ninth book; and as Sir Thomas More says of his *Utopia*, “*Regio quae nusquam est.*” Plato's *Utopia* was probably taken from Homer's venerable conceit in the *Odyssey* (ix. 366, &c.)

ing “*Giant Killers*” of primeval Greece. The indecencies and cruelties subsequently introduced at Rome were the result of that public profligacy which ensued on political corruption. The violation of decorum was long, no doubt, repressed by the presence of women in the theatres; as that custom had at first been favored by decency in the exhibitions, and by that general indulgence and reverence towards the sex which constituted so remarkable a contrast with the harsh seclusion and almost servile state to which the Grecian women were condemned.

In the actual formation, as well as in the estimate when formed, of the private life and character of a nation, the most important element is the relation which woman bears to man, both in her strictly domestic connection, and in generally social intercourse. The contrast between Greece and Rome on this head may, perhaps, be traceable to the *immediately* aboriginal sources of the respective populations, their eastern and northern ancestry. We use the word “*immediately*,” because the inferences drawn from scriptural narration have now by philological investigation and historical research been sufficiently established; and northern Europe and Asia Minor must be considered as alike *originally* deriving their population from the regions on the south and west of the Caspian. But the streams of emigration early overflowed, and settled on the rich soil of that long and far-famed Asiatic peninsula, the western shores of which abut on the Mediterranean. Here atmospheric amenity fostered the sensual passions, and the fertility of the land required little labor in its culture; so that women were sought, and considered, only as objects of luxurious indulgence, and guarded as such in a monopolizing spirit—of little account in domestic companionship and wholly excluded from general society. In the rude spirit of early ages, (which with oriental nations has been continued to all times,) the affections of woman were never sought to be conciliated: sufficient to the petty autocrat of every domicile, if he could coerce her will, and confine her person. The same influences of soil and climate operated on the political condition of the people, producing a general listless inactivity; whilst the strong incentives of ambition urged a despot and his minions to avail themselves of this—and the multitude were driven to war, as beasts to slaughter, by the dread of imminent suffering and the habit of servile obedience.

Very different was the result where the streams of early emigration were directed to the northern parts of Europe. The grosser passions were less excited by the climate; and, for the support of life, more labor was required in the cultivation of the soil and the manufacture of its produce. Woman therefore became not merely the toy but the helpmate of man; and as such acquired a proportionate respect and influence both in domestic and general society. Under such circumstances corporeal activity and mental energy were fostered; the many were indisposed to submit to the domination of the few; political liberty was asserted, a spirit of patriotism generated, and national independence maintained.*

* The excess to which Montesquieu carried his doctrine on the moral and political influence of climate, has brought the consideration of it into unmerited neglect. He did not sufficiently reflect on the composite nature of moral and political influences; whereby each of the constituent agencies is fostered, or controlled, by its concomitants, as circumstances may favor or repress their powers. Thus, though the temperature, at any given latitude, may be generally stated as proportioned to the distance from the

It may seem indeed at first sight like a paradox to say that in countries where the hardest labor is required, the weaker sex shall be most valued ; but on looking to the circumstances this will be found to be the natural result. Where virtue thrives best, women will be the most cherished ; and industry is the nurse of virtue. So clearly was this seen by the most clear-sighted of all politicians, that he suggests the planting of colonies preferably in sterile situations : " Perche gli huomini operano ò per necessità ò per elettione, et perche si vede qui essere maggiore virtù dove la elettione ha meno autorità, e da considerare se sarebbe meglio eleggere per la edificatione delle cittadi, luoghi sterili, acciò che gli huomini, costretti ad industriarsi, meno occupati dall' otio, vivesseno più uniti."—Machiavelli, *Discorsi*, l. i. c. 1. If there be added to sterility of soil the element of a moderately severe winter, the influence over the character of a race will be found to be still more favorable both as regards morality and respect for women. For it is winter which teaches a people foresight and frugality, and the sacrifice of present indulgence to future need ; and along with winter and these its attendants comes the importance of household virtues and in-door life, and of woman as thereto ministering. And hence we may learn, what Machiavel was not likely to reach, the wisdom of that Divine ordinance which imposed on fallen man the necessity of labor, as the best means for fostering those virtues which would produce in him the nearest approach to the pristine perfection of his nature. Thus, in the justice of the punishment, is conspicuous the mercy of rendering even that instrumental to ultimate earthly blessings, and to the making man a fit recipient for future happiness.

Greece, holding an intermediate position between the northern and Oriental nations, partook of the characteristics of both. Hence, with the republican spirit, the patriotism, and national rivalry which distinguished its states, was combined (in the historic ages at least) an almost Asiatic jealousy, and confinement of their women to the gynaecea—apartments communicating with the rest of the house only by a single guarded door. Here the unmarried were strictly immured ; and though the matron passed to other rooms for the superintendence of her household, hither she also retired when her husband's visitors were announced ; and whenever either matrons or virgins went beyond their own precincts, they walked, never unattended, closely veiled, or were carried in curtained litters. The only public exhibitions which they were permitted to witness were religious processions, and the tragic drama ; from the comic they, and generally the youths, were most properly excluded. With such trifling exceptions, female life, from infancy to age, was little removed from mere animal existence. They could not fail, therefore, to be insipid companions, and man fled from domestic dulness of his own creating, to the Agora, or public places commercial and political, (for in Athens every citizen was at once statesman and legislator,) to the gymnasium, the theatres, the tavern-party, or the private banquet. But all these could not fill up the vacuity which man must ever experience in the absence of female society ; and the supply, as in most markets, met the demand. For the cravings of the higher ranks a venal class of women were provided, in whom had been sedulously cultivated precisely those

equator, yet that general influence is modified by various circumstances, as exhibited in the Isothermal Lines of modern geography.

talents and accomplishments which were wanting in the gynaecea of a Grecian's home. Thus educated, they affected the name of friends, companions, (*Etraigai*,) anything, in fact, but their proper appellation of harlots ; and, as in modern times, the euphemismus was adopted by their visitor, partly in compliment to them, and partly as some kind of apology for himself. But indeed much apology was not required where the laxity of morals was such, that even a married man who refrained from frequenting such society was remarked as a rare pattern of purity ; and Socrates himself disdained not to seek wisdom in schools where venal beauty was the presiding genius, and a circle of voluptuaries were his fellow-auditors.*

Such estrangement from domestic society, and such hindrance to the contraction of domestic ties, by extrinsic inducements to selfish enjoyment, might suggest the consideration of certain unhappy consequences from a rapidly increasing order of establishments among ourselves ; not anything so morally offensive, it is true, as the conversazione of a Grecian courtezan ; nor yet of so gross a character as those professedly for festive enjoyment—"The Calf's-Head Club," the "Beef-Steak," the Pork and Peas Club," the "Daily," a title assumed originally to signify every-day assemblages, though, from the result, ascribed to the members being every day drunk. But what we mean are the *club-houses* with their ever open doors—

" Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis," combining the allurements of the book-club, the news-room, and the gossiping shop—like that of the barber in "Old England," the *zōvōrōs* of the Greeks, and the Roman tonstrina—but not what Theophrastus calls these, " wineless symposia" (*ταῦρα συμπόσια*;) for here too are found ever ready all appliances of luxurious living ; choicest wines, viands delicately prepared, obsequious attendance, every elegant accommodation. Such are the modern temptations that reconcile youth to celibacy, and too often seduce the married from their homes, without the Athenian's apology of want of congenial society.†

The same causes did not operate in Rome, as in Greece, to produce domestic estrangement and eclectic prostitution. Women were allowed to participate in the intercourse of advancing civilization ; the accomplished courtezan was known only as a Grecian import, and the Roman matrons by their conduct justified, and by their influence on society, private and public, made ample returns for the homage they received. The mother of Coriolanus saved Rome ; the daughter of Scipio was not only the mother but the *educator* of the Gracchi ; the daughter of Cato was not merely the wife but the honored confidant of Brutus—"Femina femineas nil levitatis habens."‡ The Grecian wife, on the contrary is described in the language of Quintilian : " Uxor est quam jungit, quam diducit utilitas ; cuius haec sola reverentia est, quod videtur inventa caussa liborum," (*Declamat.* 2.) or as Shakspeare describes her,

" She was a wight, if ever such wight were,
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer ;"

for fools the Greeks (with all their wisdom) were in the treatment of their women.

* Maximus Tyr., Dissert. 22 ; Xenoph. Mem. ii. 6 ; Plato, Menexen., p. 235 and 277, Bipont.

† We need not praise the shrewdness and humor of Mr. Thackeray's papers on *Club-Snobs* in the *Punch* of January and February, 1847.

‡ Laurent. V. et N. Testament, 1. 3.

We have already noticed the wholesome influence exerted by the presence of women in Roman exhibitions; which, till the last stages of political and moral corruption, continued to preserve decency at least, if not decorum; and in dramatic compositions of a comic character, the contrast between Greeks and Romans (comparing respectively the best ages of each) was very striking.

It was in the very meridian blaze of Attic refinement that Aristophanes carried ribaldry, scurrility, and buffoonery, as well as wit, to the *acme*, and was unrivalled in popularity on the stage. From a very early period the Roman imitators of the Greek comedy drew not from the school of Aristophanes, but from that of the chaster Menander; for that he was, comparatively at least, pure and delicate we have the unexceptionable testimony of Quinetilian (*Instit.* 5. 1.) and of his follower Plutarch (*Comparat. Menand. et Aristophon.*, t. ii. 853.) and, better still, we have real translations from him by Terence, to counteract whatever coarser impressions might have been derived from Plautus, who borrowed indeed his plots and characters, but evidently modified both sentiment and expression in accordance with the manners and tastes of his Roman audience.

The proportion of Roman and of Grecian elements in Plautus is a curious question, not yet sufficiently examined; but, if we except him, hardly anything remains to us of the Roman drama that may not be referred distinctly to Greek fountains. Terence is wholly Greek; and the like may be said of the fragmentary comedies. Of the elder tragic authors, Andronicus, Ennius, Naevius, Pacuvius, Accius, &c., mere scraps survive. But these and the titles of the pieces to which they belong (with the titles of many more, of which shadowy names only flit about without voice or substance) prove all to have been of Grecian fabric. Of unmutilated Roman tragedies we possess only ten, those by Seneca (whoever that Seneca was)—and of these one only (*Octavia*) has the scene in Rome and the *dramatis personae* Roman.

That men of genius, such as the Roman comic poets indubitably were, would submit to be (with apparently such trivial exceptions) borrowers only, must be accounted for on the general principle, that persons of all classes of intellect are glad to have their wishes gratified with the least possible trouble to themselves; and it was found that the plaudits of audiences, and popular celebrity with the emoluments attending these, could equally be commanded, among a people wholly illiterate, by the translator as by the original poet. A rival of Plautus, or of Terence, (and there were many in their own department,) or the jealous master of gladiators and rope-dancers, might suggest to an applauder in the theatre, “this poet-fellow is merely giving you a Latin translation of the original Greek author,” and would be answered in the spirit of old Barnaby—

“ *Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Nullum euro unde venit.*”

Another cause of a person of genius not being at the trouble of original composition was the degrading uncertainty of success, after all his efforts, from the caprice of a Roman audience: not the ordinary caprice only, common to all audiences, of all nations, in all times, but from their decided preference for exhibitions that could excite childish wonder by the display of physical strength and

dexterity, or gratify cowardly ferocity—delighting in the spectacle of physical danger and suffering.* Poor Terence relates that, on the first presentation of one of his best pieces, it had proceeded with applause to the end of the first act, when a rumor was spread, that a company of rope-dancers and gladiators was coming; suddenly all was tumult and uproar, and crowds of men and clamoring women drove author and actors from the stage, which was immediately occupied by the popular favorites. (*Hecyra*, *Prolog.* i. 1—5; and *Prolog.* ii. 29—42.)

Men of liberal education and independent circumstances naturally shrank from exposing themselves to such vulgar insult and ridicule. They could not appeal to the press in behalf of an ill-used comedy, like our modern dramatists; they could not “shame the fools and print it,” like Pope’s friends; or like Ben Johnson, in the case of “The New Inn,” when he revenged himself in a title-page by publishing it “As it was never acted, but most negligently played, by some the king’s idle servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others the king’s foolish subjects.” Accordingly the supply of plays fell into the hands of persons of a lower order; and we find, at the extremes of the dramatic list, Livius Andronicus and Terence, who were both freedmen—that is, just escaped from the class of slaves; whilst Plautus, the next in celebrity to Terence, was son of a freedman, and obliged to support himself by the lowest drudgery. To men so situated, (but in whom no poverty could repress the promptings of genius,) temptations to try their powers were supplied by high prices offered for any new means of public amusement, by which the *ediles*, on their road to the consulship, might court popularity; and such dramatists, in their haste to produce and multiply their pieces, found more than ordinary inducements for having recourse to translation, instead of the slow labor of original composition.

One of the consequences of this imitation, or rather adoption, of the Grecian comedy, was a lamentable poverty and wearisome sameness in the construction of their plots. The principal *dramatis personae* of the new, or reformed comedy, are summed up by Ovid in two lines (*Amor.* i. 15, 57):—

“ *Dum fallax Servus, durus Pater, improba Lena
Vivet, dum Meretrix blanda, Menander erit.*”

But he has omitted (his verse refused to admit) one important personage, the “*Adolescens*,” the scapegrace son; for one of which class Terence has found (probably in Menander) the appropriate name *Aeschinus* (*Ἄεσχινος* = opprobrium.) The interesting young gentleman is generally desperately in love with some captivating damsel, (the meretrix blanda,) whom to support in luxury with her *chaperon*, (the lena,) by the help of his clever rascally slave, (the fallax servus,) he plays all manner of tricks to cheat his father, (the durus pater,) who is at last compelled to consent to the union of the amiable couple. Such is the general staple of the reformed Grecian and Roman comedy, with which

* Some brutalities, not unlike these in character, were recently exhibited in England. An American gladiator entered the cages of lions and tigers, and fought or wrestled with them; and persons of the highest station in this country dishonored their country and station by attending the spectacle.

was now and then interwoven the pattern of a glutinous parasite, or a braggart soldier.*

This want of variety in fable, where the scene is laid in every-day life, cannot be attributed to poverty of invention in a people so eminently imaginative as the Greeks, but to paucity of elements for the combining powers of imagination to work upon. If comedy be considered as a representation of private life, Lycurgus' prohibition of it might have been spared; for his code left no private life to the Spartans, except when men stole an interview with their wives, and youths stole occasions for their thievery.

Of the rest of Greece we must take Athens as the type; and for doing so we have the authority of Plautus:—

“ Atque hoc poetae faciunt in comediiis;
Omnis res gestas esse Athenis autumant,
Quo illud vobis Graecum videatur magis.”
Menæc. Prolog. 7.

We have, in fact, no detailed records of any other place. In Athens, then, the grand cause of a want of diversity in social life was the banishment of women: “it was like taking the spring from the year;” beauty, grace, with all the various passions and emotions which these are formed to excite, and with all the modifications which their influence produces on the characters of others, and consequently on the every-day incidents of life—which form the main materials for comedy—all were banished, with the women, from Athenian society; and are miserably missed therefore in Athenian comedy; in which nothing is represented but the dry, hard intercourse of man with man—and that too under a political constitution which, giving every man the same political privilege, engaged every man in the same pursuit. And all the varieties of other occupations, producing an infinite diversity of circumstances and characters, humors and manners, were merged in the class of slaves, that like dregs sank to the bottom, and produced only slight changes by partial ebullition on the surface.

One additional element there was in the incidents of private life, which the dramatist could compound with his scanty ingredients, so as to produce some variety of interest and affection: but from what a horrible source is this derived!—from exposure of infants; and that a substitute, by refined heathenism, for knocking their brains out, sanctioned by law, and immemorial usage. Among Greeks, the Lacedemonians took the lead in this, as in every other practice that violated the feelings of humanity. Every child that was born was to be carried to a committee of old men, who, if on inspection they thought it likely to repay the state for its maintenance, ordered it to be taken care of: if otherwise, to be thrown into a public pit provided for the nonce. (*Plutarch. Lycurg.*, t. 1. 49, D & E.) Fortunately for the dramatists, and their successors the Greek romancers, (*Heliodorus, Achilles Statius, Longus, &c.*) this was not the general practice. The amiable sensibility of the polished Athenian merely exposed his new-born in-

* If any of our readers are unacquainted with the series of articles on the ancient dramatists in the “Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology,” now publishing under the care of Dr. William Smith, we are sure they will thank us for thus calling their attention to those elaborate and most interesting performances.

† *Plutarch. Instit. Lacon.*, t. ii. 239, B.; and tragedy, too—*Ἐκπονίας καὶ θραγῳδίας οὐκ ξεώντο.*

fant to perish by cold and hunger, or to be worried by wolves.* A chance indeed there was that some childless stranger might light on the forlorn one to cherish as his own; or some barren wife might rejoice in the treasure-trove, to console a repining husband by imposing on his fond credulity. Occasionally, too, a retributive providence bereaved the selfish parent of his other children, on whom he had relied for present happiness, and through whom he had expected to transmit his property and his name to future times. In anticipation of such possibilities, and perhaps to silence the low whisperings of conscience in the father, or to soothe with faint hope the unsubdued instinct of maternal fondness, the little wretch was frequently wrapped in a mantle of some peculiar description, or a trinket hung round its neck as a means of future recognition. These, and any particular mark on the body with which the child might have been born, were registered as family memorandums; and in some extraordinary cases did actually conduct to the slenderly anticipated recovery. One such authenticated casualty, however, was quite sufficient for letting loose to a thousand wild inventions the fancies of dramatists and romancers; and their hearers and readers were quite ready to receive possibilities for facts; their high improbability only gratifying the more the prurience of imagination, wearied with the general flatness and sameness of fictitious characters and incidents representing ordinary life in Greece.

The tragedian had less occasion to recur to this source of variety. His range was through every region of space and time; and when earth was exhausted, he could evoke the powers of heaven and hell; and “they would come when he did call for them.”

We now recur to M. Becker, whom we had not forgotten; but as he professedly omits any discussion on the public games and theatres of the ancients, we wished, as far as our space would allow, to supply, in some degree, the deficiency; considering these as importantly influencing, and being modified by, the private life and character of a nation.

We regret to revert to the learned professor for the purpose of expressing dissent from his opinion. In his cursory notice of the Grecian tragedies, (*Charic.* ii. 252,) he has eloquently eulogized their sublimity, their beauty, their purity and general morality; and in all this we cordially concur; but we dissent (with more than ordinary emphasis—“*toto celo*”) when he tells us that the grand truth impressed by the Grecian tragedians was the utter vanity of all mortal concerns and the omnipotence of the Deity—(*die Nichtigkeit des Sterblichen und die Macht der Gottheit.*) Nothing can be more certain than that they do inculcate the doctrine of an overruling power, before which it behoves all human creatures submissively to crouch; but this included no idea of a first intelligent cause—a *causa causarum*—the creator, governor, providential and

* The Theban law formed an honorable contrast to such barbarity. They are the first on record, who established a kind of founding hospital; and however politically erroneous such institutions may be considered, the benevolence of the founders cannot be disputed even by the sternest economist. *Ælian* tells us, that when the indigence of the Theban citizen was such, that he could not maintain his infant, he was required to carry it to the magistrates, who were bound to provide for its nurture, the cost of which was repaid by the child becoming the slave of the state. (*Var. Hist.*, ii. 7.)

retributory, for time, for eternity. All the lesson they taught (and a wise one too) was a patient submission to a power, before which men and gods were nullities alike; an undefined, mysterious agency, without personality or attributes, and consequently without any idea of providence—merely fate, destiny (*Μοίρα, Εἰμοχρήνη*)—in short, what Cicero has so accurately defined it to be: “Fieri igitur omnia Fato, ratio cogit fateri. Fatum, autem, id appello, quod Graeci Εἰμοχρήνη, id est, ordinem seriemque casuarum, cum causa cause nexa rem ex se gignat: ex est ex omni aeternitate fluens veritas sempiterna.”* (*Divin.* i., 55.) What is this but anonymous atheism! considering universal existence as the result of an infinite succession of material causes and effects, without the agency of an originating, sustaining, and directing intelligence. And never did the dreams of philosophers imagine anything more contrary to their own great maxim, enounced by their own grand master: “Natural effects of the same kind have the same cause.”† Now, in every instance, without one single exception, wherever effects are produced by an obvious adaptation of means to ends, there is an obvious intervention of mind, as the originating, sustaining, and directing cause. What, then, but an all-wise and almighty mind can have devised, and imposed, and maintained the laws which regulate the complicated motions of the spheres (as expounded by one wonderful human mind;) together with the multitudinously grand and minute adaptations (obvious to all) for beauty and utility; for adorning and fructifying this earth; and by which all that it inhabit “do live and move, and have their being!” And what but shipwreck can attend the men, who call themselves philosophers, and welter in a wild sea of conjecture, without any such consultation of the compass below, and without any observation of the heavens?

The gravely chaste, and generally austere character of the great Grecian tragedians, presents a remarkable contrast with the gay wit, the farcical buffoonery, and gross ribaldry of the contemporary favorite comedian. But this was quite in accordance with the singularly mercurial character of the Athenians; sensitive, imaginative, equally alive to the pathetic, the ridiculous, and the witty; to the refined and the sensual. If we sought a personal type of that people, our Sterne would form one. He could exhibit, on the same stage, the finest feelings of our nature, the most delicate sentiments, and the most pathetic situations; with, at the very same time, a studied lewdness, and a coarse, though witty, buffoonery. He could ascend the pulpit, as was well said, “in a harlequin’s jacket,” and he could write bawdry to his daughter.

It might have been expected that the austere character of the Romans would have led them to transfer to their own stage more of the tragic, than of the comic compositions of the Greeks. And such was the case in early and purer times; but during the interval between *Livius Andronicus* and *Plautus*, an ominous change was progressing. Ambitious rivals for popular favor had pampered the savage rage for exhibitions of violence and bloodshed; and that superseded all sympathy for mental suffering and moral heroism; and even the milder feelings of surprise and admiration were engrossed by the

production of monstrous wild beasts, dragged from the deserts of Africa to worry each other for the amusement of the kindred rabble of Rome. Even comedy, as we have seen, could not always keep the stage against the irruptions of gladiators and mountebanks. Such audiences heeded not the victims of adversity or the voice of profound sympathy; and understood not the language of mental heroism or of exalted sentiment. Hence tragedy ceased to be written; and the productions of previous writers fell into such total neglect that nothing remains of them but numerous titles and scraps; and of these latter, a large portion are not citations met with in the works of philosophers and rhetoricians, or even in the babbling common-place books of *Aulus Gellius*, but in the dull tomes of grammarians, quoting passages, not to elucidate a sentiment, but to explain a word.

We have already said that the tragedy of Rome, like her comedy, was not only formed of Grecian subjects, but drawn from Grecian dramatists. No doubt indolence, as with the other class of writers, conduced to this practice; but another cause probably operated in preventing their recourse to the rich store of striking events and interesting characters recorded in their own annals, and of which modern masters have so successfully availed themselves. Their annalists, at that period, were little more than the chroniclers of the rival septs into which the ancient nobility were divided. A dramatist, therefore, exhibiting some splendid action of some heroic ancestor of one sept, would doubtless be well supported by the clansmen of that one; but as probably overborne by the envious jealousy of all the rest. The safe plan, therefore, was to take neutral ground in the history of another nation, and introduce only heroes and gods, who were objects of reverence and adoration to all.

Half a century after the age of *Gallus*, some tragedies were composed, and their unimpassioned, didactic, and aphoristic style seems to sanction the general opinion which ascribes them to *Seneca the philosopher*. And though adapted rather for the closet than the stage, so inveterate was the habit of reference to Grecian story, that, as we have before noticed, only one of the ten is of Roman mould. Perhaps recurrence to the grand events of republican Rome would not have been very popular in the imperial court.

With these rhythmical dialogues (for they are little more) the curtain drops upon the Roman stage. And it is curious to observe within what narrow limits, in the annals of nations, is confined the appearance of great dramatic masters. Like a constellation they rise and set together, preceded and followed only by some scattered stars of inferior magnitude and lustre. *Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes*, were strictly contemporaries; about half a century later, a reformed comedy arose, of which the only great masters were the rival contemporaries *Menander* and *Philemon*. At Rome the drama flourished from *Livius Andronicus* to *Accius*, about fourscore years, during which, with these, were *Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Plautus, and Terence*, not strictly all contemporaries, but living in uninterrupted succession. So in the respective ages of our *Elizabeth*, of *Louis XIV.* in France, of *Charles V.* and *Philip II.* in Spain, and Italy, there arose dramatic writers with a splendor, through which their predecessors and successors are seen “dark with excessive bright.”

If the reasons for this partial exhibition of dramatic talent be inquired, it may be remarked that

* This is an abstract of the doctrine of the *Stoics*, derived by them from *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*.

† *Effectuum Naturalium ejusdem generis eadem sunt causa.* *Newton. Princip.*, I. 3, ap. *Init. De Mundi Systemate.*

the periods in each country were times of great public excitement, from the character of the sovereigns, the vicissitudes of war, and the momentous changes that were taking place both in politics and religion. In such excitement men of poetic temperament would strongly participate, and have their minds forcibly recalled to the heroic characters, deeds, and sufferings in the romantic histories of former ages. Dramatic fiction then suggested itself as a mode of presenting to others the stirring scenes which their own beautiful imaginations had conjured up. These productions elicited enthusiastic admiration, and their success excited emulative ambition in kindred minds. But a like ambition being felt by inferior intellects, they swarmed to a trial of their strength, where a comparatively short effort was required, instead of the life-long labor of a historian, an epic poet, or a philosopher. Hence the public became cloyed with theatrical exhibitions; and productions, even of the highest class, fell into temporary neglect.

And this explains another peculiarity in the history of the drama, namely, the multiplicity of productions in that department, and the proportion of them (compared with other classes of literature) which perished before the blessed art of printing; and accounts also for the number of unedited pieces yet buried in those cemeteries called public libraries. Of the Grecian dramatists, *Æschylus* composed 90 pieces, (40 of which were crowned,) and we possess but 7. Of *Sophocles*, also, we have but 7 out of 120. *Euripides* composed 75 tragedies, of which 19 have come down. The 54 comedies of *Aristophanes* are reduced to 11. Of *Menander*'s 108 comedies we have only a few fragments, and of *Philemon* no more. *Philemon*'s son wrote 54 comedies, of which "etiam periè ruine." Of all the innumerable productions of the old Roman tragedians, not one entire scene is left. *Plautus* has been more fortunate—of his 25 but 5 have perished; but of *Terence*'s 108 only 6 survive.

To the charge of neglect, in modern times, the Italians are obnoxious, from the imperfect collections of their numerous dramatists; but the Spaniards must chiefly plead guilty. Their great boast of the transcendent genius of *Lope de Vega* and *Calderon*, and of their unrivalled fecundity in dramatic productions, is in sad contrast with the fact that no complete edition of either of these poets has appeared:—not one either of the 1500 pieces ascribed to *Calderon*, or of the 2000 ascribed to *Lope*. The apology for this is that, however brilliant these emanations of genius, they are accompanied with such extravagant coruscations of fancy, and such wild improbabilities of fiction, as would not be tolerated in our age. And this may be so with respect to general acceptance; but the true worshippers of genius will ever lament that they are not permitted to pay their homage to it even in its aberrations—the effluence of the comet is still a celestial light, and should not be hid under a bushel. These powerful spirits had thrown off the Grecian yoke which *Castillejo*, *De la Cueva*, and *Cervantes* had sought to impose; and like the German and modern French schools, and like all slaves who have burst their fetters, their liberty became licentiousness. Let the Germans, and the French, take a warning from *their* fate. Let the French especially not exempt themselves from the control of a sober, yet liberal criticism; but let them rend the bonds of a wretched versification, necessitating a mineing gait, incompatible alike with the simplicities and the sub-limits of nature. Let them take courage from the

felicitous result of *Trissino*'s first boldly introducing the "verso sciolto" into Italian tragedy. Future bards hailed and rallied round his example, as the standard of liberty, and the Italian drama became the admiration of Europe.

Once more we revert to M. Becker, for considering some important particulars influencing, or proceeding from, the private life and character of the two great nations, which constitute the subject of his very curious works. But we are obliged to leave unnoticed the multiplicity of minute objects, to which he applies a microscopic investigation, and which, though we cannot imitate, we by no means intend to censure. It was his purpose not merely to suggest matter of reflection to the philosopher, but also to aid the researches of the antiquary; and both classes will find in him a guide possessing great critical acumen, enlightened by extensive and profound erudition.

Of all the relations influencing the private life and character of a people, the most important are those immediate and contingent on marriage. We have already noticed the slavish condition of the Grecian wife, and the liberal terms on which the Roman matron lived in her family, and in general intercourse. The Greek maintained a lordly distance of manner, and a dignity, which he was careful not to impair by any violation of decorum in the presence of his wife; whilst, abroad, he indemnified himself by frequenting the most dissolute society, and indulged in conjugal infidelities without scruple, and with but slight diminution of public respect.

"Hoc vitium longæ jam consuetudinis usus
Comprobat, et magnum non sinit esse scelus."*

It was otherwise in Rome, where licentiousness, being less common, was less tolerated.

In both nations, the men being the legislators took especial care that the crimes which in them were deemed venial should be made highly penal in their wives. In Greece, everything but death might be inflicted; divorce, with forfeiture of dower, public infamy, even to exclusion from the temples and all religious rites; and whoever married the offender partook of her degradation (*arturia*). If she appeared with ornaments of dress, any that met her might tear them off, and drive her away with blows, only not kill or maim her. With respect to her paramour, he might, as by English law, be killed by the husband if detected *flagrante delicto*; or he might be beaten, and the most ignominious corporal punishments inflicted, from which, however, the wealthy might purchase exemption; thus fostering licentiousness in the rich and venality in all:—"quod erat publice privatumque dolendum, parentes poteris qui tamquam peccatis indulta licentia ad labem delictorum immanium consurgebant" (Ammian, xxvii. 9.)

Adultery became, as was reasonable, an all-sufficient plea for divorce; at least it was admitted as

* *Dedekindus. Grobianus et Grobiana de Morum Simplicitate Praefat.* *Dedekindus* was one of the swarm of Latin poets, celebrated in the 16th and 17th centuries, now seldom heard of. The first edition of this work was published in 1565; and the author became the Castiglione della Casa of the Dutch. But he tried to teach his countrymen politeness by ironically recommending, in all his details, the very reverse. And this poem, we have little doubt, suggested to *Swift* the design of his "Advice to Servants," whereby he labors in vain to make them to be as nasty as himself. The Dutch book was still fresh in fame during Sir William Temple's residence in the Low Countries, and likely therefore to be found in his library when *Swift* was domesticated with him.

such on the part of the husband : and so, after some experience, was barrenness. The wife also had her plea for dissolving the marriage contract ; and if her plea was admitted she carried her dower with her ; a rich wife, therefore, possessed powerful influence, often haughtily asserted, and as bitterly complained of. Thus poor Demetrius in Plautus :—

“ Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi.”—*Asin.*, i. 1, 74.

And again the old man in Menæchmus (v. 2, 15) :—

“ Credo cum viro litigium natum esse aliquod ;
Ita istæc solent quæ viros subserve
Sibi postulant, dote fætæ, feroce.”

Divorces, however, in Greece, were not left to the discretion of the parties, or even, as in Rome, to the arbitration of friends ; but were adjudicated by the Thesmophore, or supreme magistrates ; and, hence, never arrived at that scandalous frequency which in the corrupt ages of Rome (as of late in the raving times of the French Revolution,) made the nuptial rite a mere cobweb-bond—

“ Sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo marii
Quinque per autumnos ; titulo res digna sepulcri.”
Juv., vi. 228.

This abuse was attempted to be reformed by Augustus (*Sueton.* 34;) but with a bad grace ; for he himself violated one betrothal, repudiated two wives, and married a third when pregnant by the husband whom he had compelled to divorce her. (*Ibid.*, 64.)

As to the Roman boast that, in their elder purity, divorces had been unknown for more than 500 years, it is only in consonance with the mythic tone of all their early history ; according to which Sp. Carvilius Ruga considered himself bound to divorce a wife, of whom he was very fond, because of the oath required by the censors, that he should marry a wife in order to beget children for the state, and his beloved wife was barren (*Aul. Gel.* 4, 3.) But how happens it, that, according to the same veritable history, the Law of the Twelve Tables (promulgated seventy years before) prescribed the exact form of words, which should give legal effect to what was evidently the common process of divorce ? The formula, whether founded in law or usage, is remarkable, not only as expressing the rude and peremptory spirit of an early age, but as combining with it a not ungenerous respect for the proprietary rights of the wife : “ Tuas res tibi habeto, res tuas tibi agito ; exi ocius, ocius ; vade foras ; i foras, Mueller, cede domo.”

If the Roman boast was an empty one, in like manner the vaunt of Geradas—that an adulterer might be found in Sparta, when a bull should be found with a neck long enough for him to reach over the mountain Taygetus and drink of the river Eurotas on the other side—must be regarded as the rhodomontade of a people who lied less neatly than they stole.* But the Greeks indemnified themselves for the difficulties of divorce by an occasional interchange of wives, for the purpose, they alleged, of improving the breed—as we send a favorite cow to a high-bred bull. This was not a mere Spartan grossness, but an Athenian refinement, sanctioned by Socrates’ lending the amiable Xantippe to Alcibiades, the most dissolute man of his time. (*Tertullian*, *Apolog.* 59.)

And something of the same kind was effected by the Roman facility of divorce. Thus Hortensius, in his ardent desire to be allied to his friend Cato, earnestly pressed to have his daughter Portia in marriage, or to borrow her for a time ; but she, happening to be the wife of Bibulus, her father, though having a great regard for Hortensius, declined interference with another man’s wife ; upon which Hortensius changed his suit, and begged to have Cato’s own wife : urging that Cato had already a sufficiently numerous family by Martia, and that she was again pregnant. Cato made no objection, but very politely thought her father should be consulted (Martia herself seems never to have been referred to) ; and all being amicably arranged, the dowerless Martia was married to Hortensius, who dying early, and leaving her a richly endowed widow, Cato again married her : and Cato “ was an honorable man.” So was Hortensius—and so Philippus the lady’s father—“ all honorable men.” What then must have been the gross state of general society—what the laxity of domestic relations, the coldness of domestic affections ? *

Nor was this all ; the Romans were not content with even such facility of divorce. For, notwithstanding the censors exacting an oath from men, that they would marry to raise citizens for the state, a concubinage was sanctioned by law, which yet did not acknowledge the issue to be citizens. Such are the contradictions which are forced on society, by direct popular legislation in times of public corruption.†

Whether such licentious customs would, on the whole, increase human fecundity, may be reasonably doubted ; but that fecundity exceeded, certainly, the tolerance of a savage selfishness, which sought exemption from parental labors and solicitudes by child-murder—or the more euphemistic process of exposure, devised to salve the lacerated feelings, which nature refused to make entirely callous. This more than brutal practice prevailed from the times of the humane she-wolf to the acme of heathen civilization in the age of Augustus, who, in the serenity and security of his latter years, commanded the murder of his granddaughter’s infant :—“ *infantem agnoscit alicui vetuit*,” is the diluted phrase of Suetonius. (2, 65.)

We have now discussed (however cursorily) the most important topics which our limits will allow us to embrace ; and proceed to notice some minor particulars, selecting only those that may interest from some analogy with institutions or customs of our own. But in these, as in much that has gone before, we cannot always avail ourselves of M. Becker’s deep research and learned perspicacity, which are now employed in the investigation of curiously minute points of criticism.

In the accounts of nations celebrated for warlike achievements, their military discipline would form a subject of most important inquiry ; but our present concern with it is only so far as it influenced the private life and character of individuals. That influence, however, in ancient times, extended over the whole mass of free citizens ; for every free man, during a large portion of his life, was engaged in warlike operations, or preparing himself for them. Hence the military system of rewards and punishments, and the economical administration of armies, had much connexion with the moral character and physical comforts of a very large portion of society :

* Plutarch, *Cato M.*, t. i. 770 F. ; and 784, 2.

† Lex Julia Papia Poppea, A. U. C. 762.

and the phalanx and the legion not being composed entirely of the lowest orders, but comprising all classes, the rewards were less exclusively pecuniary, the punishments less exclusively corporeal, and with more appeal to the sense of shame. Desertion, indeed, after enrolment, and refusal to enlist, seem sometimes (from the arbitrary will of a commander) to have been punished by death, even in Greece, where the discipline (in accordance with the character of the respective nations) was much less harsh than in the Roman armies. Even the savage Spartans did not, by law, inflict death on fugitives or recusants; but their virago matrons sometimes undertook to eke out the shortcomings of the law by assassinating their own sons.* The law, however, did heap indignities on such offenders, that might have satisfied any but such avengers. They were incapable of honors or office; they might be beaten with impunity whenever they came abroad; and were made the public butt, by being compelled to appear only half-shaven and in a sordid party-colored garment.† In the Athenian colony of Thurium, their legislator, Charondas, devised for such offenders a punishment which might seem to be as deterrent as it was strange:—the culprits were exposed in the public place for three successive days in female attire.‡ A still stranger punishment was used in the Roman armies, but of which the rationale cannot be so easily discovered—that of phlebotomy. *A. Gellius* (10, 8) confesses he has met with no account of its origin; but conjectures it had become gradually a general punishment from having been first adopted as a cure for lazy, overgrown fellows—“non tam pœna quam medicina.” The conjecture seems as odd as the custom.

The Romans had divers degrading punishments, left in great measure to the discretion of the commanders, and of course as various as their tempers and caprices; but, unlike the Greeks, death was their favorite infliction, which they exercised their ingenuity in rendering as cruel as possible for the sufferer, and as brutalizing as possible for his comrades, who were employed as executioners. *Tacitus*, in his wonted pithy style, describes at once the mode of punishment and its effect. The soldiers were assembled round the tribunal with their swords drawn: the leaders of the general sedition were placed on a stage, from which, when convicted, each was thrown headlong:—“Præcepit datus trucidabatur: et gaudebat caedibus miles, tanquam semet absolveret. * * * * Castris trucidus adhuc non minus asperitate remediū quam sceleris memoriā.”—(*Annal.*, i. 44.) In like manner, deserters and thieves underwent the fustuarium, or death by cudgels, and stoning, (*Polyb.*, vi. 35,) and overwhelming with hurdles, (*Liv.*, iv. 50,) and various torments, “acerbis quæstionibus, crudelibus suppliciis.” Hurdles, probably next to stones, were the most ready weapons, and more effectually impeded escape—

“Sub eratim uti jubeas sese supponi, atque eo
Lapides imponi multos, ut sese neces.”—(*Pæn.*,
v. 2)

Yet amidst these savage cruelties, characteristic of the nation, there is, what Bacon calls, “a wild kind of justice,” observable in their treatment of deserters at the close of the second Punic war: “De perfugis gravius quam de fugitivis consultum.

* Anthology, l. i. C. 5, 12.

† Plutarch, *Agesilaus*, t. i. 612:—a curious coincidence with the disgraceful infliction recorded in *Samuel*, x. 4.

‡ Diodor. Sicul.

Nominis Latini qui erant, securi pereussi: Romani in crucem sublati:” (*Liv.*, xxx. 43)—anticipating the distinction made long after by Cicero: “Neque tam fugiti illi a dominis quam tu a jure et legibus,”—(6 *Ver.*, c. 50.)

This merciful decapitation, this crucifixion, and the decimation of whole armies, were in the arbitrament of the commander, without appeal (*Polyb.*, vi. 36.) Compared with such dreadful severities, and individual despotism, what are the much vituperated floggings, authorized by Acts of Parliament, and limited, in their application, by courts-martial? Not that we at all wish for the continuance of such a punishment. We trust that the public repugnance to it may lead to its gradual abolition, through a gradual amelioration in the moral character of our militiam both by sea and land—of which the schools now extensively established in our ships of war and regiments afford a cheering prospect; and, as a step to this, we may hope to see the late merciful limitation of fifty stripes, at one infliction, soon reduced to the Mosaic maximum of forty, or the cautious Jewish practice of “forty save one.”

Another part of the Roman military administration well deserves to be noted. *Vegetius* (ii. 20) designates it as “a divine institution.” The soldier having his food, clothing, and arms provided for him, his regulated pay was small; but supplementary gratuities, called donatives, were bestowed occasionally by the commander-in-chief; and, of these, one half of each soldier’s share was deposited with the standard-bearer of his company, that it might not be squandered. This was, in fact, forming a compulsory deposit in a savings’ bank, which, in the case of prize-money, at least, might be advantageously imitated both in our army and navy:—we believe something very like it has been long adopted in a few regiments—the Scots Greys for example—and with the best results. Besides its other manifest benefits, the plan is extolled by *Vegetius* as confirming the fidelity of the troops to their standard, and exalting their courage in its defence. And may we not hope for some repugnance to popular tumult, some loyalty to a constitution, under the protection of which above a million of our inferior classes have deposited their little hoards, exceeding in the aggregate thirty millions sterling?

Again: *Vegetius* states that in every tent of ten men, with their *decanus*, a coffer was provided to receive their portion of the legionary contribution to a fund for defraying the expense of burial, and the rite (so all-important in the heathen estimation) was superintended by the survivors of the contubernium. And herein our “burial clubs” may take a lesson. For their managers, instead of themselves conducting the funeral, pay a sum (often a foolishly extravagant sum) to the family, who expend that, and generally much of their own, in absurd parade and indecent junketing. And would that this were all! But we have lately had the horrid experience, judicially authenticated, of parents murdering their children, in order to have the disposal of the “death-money.” We are no advocates for petty legislation, but surely such enormities do call for some control.

Yet another salutary lesson may be derived from the practice of the ancients in disposing of their dead. Both Greeks and Romans, with some rare exceptions, permitted no sepulchre within the walls of cities. The XII. Tables specifically prohibited it: “Hominem mortuum in Urbe ne sepelito neque urito.” And in Greece, instead of desecrating

their temples, as we our churches, by the inhumation of dead bodies, no sepulture was allowed in *sight* of the temple of Delos, or, in later times, on the island. But Lycurgus, as usual, opposing himself to all custom and natural feeling, enjoined sepulture within Sparta, in order to familiarize his people with images of death. In Rome, too, there was one singular inconsistency with the general practice, which seemed to imply (as with the Jews and many other nations) a fear of contamination from the dead. Even down to the time of Augustus,* one of the seven hills, the Esquiline, (but still on the *outside* of the Esquiline gate,) was appropriated to the interment of slaves and other the lowest of the people; and there were left, *unburied*, the bodies of malefactors—just as now in many oriental cities (Jerusalem for example) the slaughter-houses are in the midst of the place, and dogs and vultures are the only scavengers. The Esquiline was the most unhealthy spot in Rome till Mæcenas, obtaining a grant of the ground, cleared away the nuisances; and the custom being abolished, the palace and gardens which he constructed there became the most salubrious residence in the city; so that Augustus and Tiberius resorted to it for recruiting their health. (Sueton., *Aug.* 72; *Tib.* 15.) Thus have we both “a pattern to imitate, and an example to deter.”

We must here conclude our observations suggested by Mr. Becker's highly interesting work; some notice, however, of the translation is due to the English reader. He may, we think, rely on its general fidelity. But the hint, in Mr. Metcalfe's preface, of some “little lopping,” and of “two volumes being compressed into one,” will hardly convey an idea of the degree in which he has abridged Becker. The English page is smaller than the German, and the type not smaller; yet the English pages altogether are only 792, the German 1779.

The style of the translator is clear, vigorous, and fluent. But, as the different appellations appended to his name in the title-pages of 1845 and 1846 seem to indicate his being a young man, we shall presume to offer him a little advice. Let him not mistake occasional vulgarity of expression for ease, or fashionable slang (the cant of “the great vulgar”) for elegance. And, above all, let him not interlard his diction with French phrases, for which any master of English would find ample equivalents at hand. He cannot plead the example of his German author, and such “patched and piebald language” can only expose a silly affectation of familiarity with a foreign tongue, or the command of but a scanty vocabulary in his own.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A song, a song, keep singing,
Of heaven-tempered strain!
Of Him who balm is bringing
To cleanse our deadly stain!
Of princes, gold, and gifts, O sing,
And shepherds waiting on their king!

A star in east hath risen,
Beheld by sages' eyes;
Long groped they, as in prison,
Until they saw it rise:
When first they marked its radiant light,
They wept for joy, and blest the sight.

* Horat. Sat. i., 8, 10; Varro de Ling. Lat. v. 5.

With thanks to God low bending,
They saw night's horrors fade,
And watched the sign ascending,
For which so long they prayed,—
That light of lights, whose rising ray
Gave promise of eternal day.

Wake up! wake up! they shouted,
And called a royal train;
They never feared, or doubted,
That hope was but in vain:—
The star before them beaming went,
Until before their Lord they bent.

O'er many a hill and valley,
And stream renowned, they passed;
Until their train they rally
By Bethlehem's gates at last:
With hymn and song they cheered the way,
Still guided by the orient ray.

O'er many a palace towering
In pomp it journeyed on;
O'er castles, darkly lowering,
And cities vast, it shone:
Where pride and prosperous sin abound,
The humble babe can ne'er be found.

O Bethlehem, thou lowly
Yet highly-favored place!
As told by prophets holy,
The star now stays its pace,
And rests o'er thee, for to the cry
Of poverty the Lord is nigh.

'T was o'er a manger's dwelling,
Arose a heavenly strain;
From earth and heaven swelling,
All joined the blest refrain,
To sing the glories of the Child,
Now sleeping with his mother mild.

The sages, lowly bowing
Before their mighty king,
All reverence are showing
For Him, who deigned to fling
His royal robes aside, to save
Our race from Satan and the grave.

Their precious gifts outpouring,
They spread them at his feet,
The infant king adoring,
With gold and incense meet,—
Homage of hearts that were his own,
Homage with lowly worship shown.

All other gifts transcending,
They brought their best—the heart;
In that one offering blending
Gems rarer far than art:—
Their blest example let us feel,
And with like holy homage kneel.

From the German Fest-Kalender.

OFF, OFF, AND AWAY!—Among the specifics advertised in the daily papers is a preparation by which it is alleged people may have their “Gray hair entirely removed.” We don't doubt it; we dare say the parties trying the experiment would find they had not a hair of any description left upon their heads in less than a twelvemonth.—*Punch.*

It is a mean device to seek the affection of another by vilifying his friends, and seeking to alienate him from them. It is generally as unsuccessful as it is mean. If we disbelieve the accuser, and detect the artifice, it can only, as it ought, inspire disgust. If we believe him, we find small prepossession towards one who has dissipated a cherished illusion.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE WILL: A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told, in her youth, by no means as a fiction, but as a real occurrence. She even once knew the name of the old northern family concerned in it, but that, with the exact dates, she has now forgotten, if she ever knew the latter; and having never written down the story, she has no means of recovering them. However, from her express mention of a tight wig, worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than the last century.

Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1730, a barrister of the temple was sitting reading, when the opening of the door, and his servant's announcement of "a gentleman," interrupted him. He rose to receive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly, but extremely old-fashioned, appearance. He was dressed in a grave-colored suit, of antique cut; a neat, tight gray wig surrounded his serious, and even solemn, physiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe-buckles of gold; a cane, headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat, completed his equipment; which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third, or the first of his successor. Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered to him by his host; and, after a preparatory *hem*, thus began, in a slow and serious manner: "I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the S— family, whose property in Yorkshire, you are, therefore, aware is about to be sold."

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, "full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be performed."

"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand; "the property need not be sold."

"May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation to the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond sea, who, as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate, in default of a will to the contrary; and who desires its value in money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it; and, must, therefore, depart."

"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily; "you seem not to know of the will of Mr. S—'s great grandfather, by which he not only left that, his estate, to his favorite grandson, this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great great grandson."

"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, "was, indeed, supposed, for many years, to exist; and, in virtue of it, Mr. S— has, until now, peaceably enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S— has now given up all hope of finding it; the sale is to be completed in the course of the next week; and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers."

"You are mistaken once again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor; "I say, sir, the will exists. Go, immediately," continued he, in an authoritative tone; "travel night and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall."

"We have looked there," interrupted the barrister.

"Silence, sir; there is a closet, I say. In that closet is a large chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited there; no matter when, or by whom. Go; you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S—. I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S— Hall; but I am his relation, and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice." So saying, the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion which would have enchanted an *élégant* of Queen Anne's day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remarked a very fine brilliant ring, he descended the stairs, and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the room so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure; and arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at S— Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through, within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his *rights*, as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal everywhere met his eye. Packages filled the hall; servants, with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about; and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their regretted home.

Mr. S— greeted his friend with a surprise, which changed to incredulity when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance. "It cannot be," said he. "Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention. Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend; I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble, to so little purpose." The barrister mentioned the name of his visitor. "Hugh —!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughing. "I have not a relation in the world of that name."

"It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer; "and since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure."

Mr. S—, seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they crossed one of the rooms in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-length picture. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "who is this!"

"My granduncle," returned Mr. S—. "A good old fellow as ever lived. I wish, with all my heart, he were alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years."

"What was his name?"

"Hugh —. The only one of our family of that name."

"That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring, are there."

They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and—found the deed.

The kind old uncle was never seen again.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

WOMAN'S WILL: OR, THE NEW PALFREY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGBEIN.)

Sir Hugo had reached his fiftieth year unmolested by any passion save an ardent one for a flowing goblet. Instead of love passages, his delight was in tournaments, whence he always returned victorious. At length, he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the beardless tilter, *Love!* He saw Angelica, the fairest maiden of the land, forgot his gray hairs, and, unmindful of the incongruity of an union between May and December, led her to the nuptial altar. Fortunately, Angelica was modest as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the opening flowers of her beauty. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, and therefore was she to him dear and precious as the apple of his eye.

One morning he rode out to pay a visit to a neighboring brother-in-arms, his honest squire, Conrade, trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way, when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried:—

"Come here, Conrade; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me. This is the very day that Father Nicholas comes to the castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence; so gallop back, and desire your lady, in my name, not to admit the priest."

Conrade paused, and shook his head, as if in doubt, and replied, "Excuse me, noble sir, but perhaps the Lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish."

"A curse on your *perhaps!*" exclaimed the knight; "I make all sure by giving the order."

"Do you think so?" replied the squire; "now I, in my simplicity, believe exactly the contrary. Take the advice of your faithful servant for once in your life; let things take their course, and give no orders upon so delicate a point."

"A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo, angrily; "what absurd fancies have you got in your head to-day? Do you think an hour's ride back a task so very tedious?"

"Oh! if it comes to that, sir," rejoined Conrade, "I have no more to say." He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to the castle.

Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried, in terror, from the window, "What has brought you back in such haste? Has any accident happened to my lord?"

"None whatever, gracious lady," answered Conrade, "but the noble knight was apprehensive that some accident might happen you, if by any chance you took a fancy to ride Sultan."

"I ride—ride the large greyhound!" exclaimed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "I believe you are drunk or mad. * * * It is impossible that your master can have sent me so ridiculous a message."

"Ay, but he did, though," pursued the squire;

"and my noble master said, at the same time, that he knew Sultan would bite terribly, not being accustomed to be made a pony of; and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way." Having said this, he again mounted his horse, and galloped off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream. What does he mean? Is it not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and when known, obeyed them implicitly, and do I deserve that he should stretch his power so far, and play the capricious, haughty tyrant? Now, I see that to be too submissive, too softly compliant, is not the way to treat him; the worm that crawls the dust is trampled upon. But no, sir knight, it is not gone quite so far with us yet; in spite of you, I will ride Sultan; and you may thank yourself, as but for your message such a thing would never have entered my head."

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed her that Father Nicholas had arrived, and was in the antechamber. "I cannot receive his visit to-day," said the consort of Sir Hugo, "for my lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the reverend father, and beg of him to return to-morrow."—"With all due respect to Father Nicholas," continued she, when left to herself, "he shall not spoil my pleasant ride. Now, if my pony were but here! He must have an easy gait, and his teeth—I do not fear; he is as quiet as a lamb. Oh! how I shall delight in this two-fold pleasure of showing the surly old fellow that I care neither for him nor his orders; and of trying a pastime that is, at least, a novel one!" Through every corner of the house resounded now her cry of "Sultan! Here, boy! Sultan! Sultan!"

The immense, but docile animal sprang from a bone upon which he was feasting, and was at her side in an instant. Caressing him till she got him into a room, the door of which she shut.

"Now, friend Sultan," cried his fair mistress, "no growl, no bite, and all is safe." With her snow-white hand she continued stroking and patting his huge back for some minutes, and then, in the hope that, if only through gratitude, he would comply with her fancy, she mounted her new steed. He showed his teeth a little, in some doubt what all this meant, but she soothed him again into a good humor, and patient endurance of the novel burthen; but he thought this quite enough, and did not stir from the one spot. Angelica was naturally not much pleased with being thus stationary; she therefore gently goaded him with her leg, but to no trot would Sultan condescend; he remained motionless as before, while something very like a growl escaped from his immense and fear-inspiring jaws. Out of all patience, she now exclaimed:—

"You shall feel the spur, then, you lazy brute!" and drove her heel into his side. He now growled audibly, but stirred not an inch; she repeated her blow. This was too much for canine patience; he made a spring, and as she fell at full length upon the floor, he turned and bit her hand. The dismounted rider bedewed the floor with a few tears, and then sprang up to turn out of the room the uncourteous brute who had thus rudely shown how little he understood play.

Towards evening Sir Hugo returned, and inquired with suspicious haste whether Father Nicholas had been there.

"Oh yes, he was here," answered Angelica, "but I ventured to refuse him admittance."

The knight cast a triumphant glance at his squire, and whispered him, "Now, old Wisdom, do you see the use of my orders?"

Conrade, who, as may be supposed, had said nothing of the alteration he made in the substance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulders with a smile, unperceived by his master, who had turned again to his consort, and now first perceived that she wore a bandage upon her soft hand. He immediately inquired the cause.

"Sultan bit me," said Angelica; "and it is all your fault, Sir Hugo," added she sobbing.

"My fault!" cried the knight.

"Yes, your fault, and nobody but yours," retorted his spouse. "If you had not sent me word by Conrade not to ride the nasty, mischievous brute, such a mad trick would never have entered my head."

In mute astonishment the knight hurried out to seek an explanation from his squire, who had slipped away when Angelica began her complaint. "What message did you bring your lady?" demanded he.

Conrade now confessed the truth.

"Were those the orders I gave you, scoundrel!" said the enraged Sir Hugo.

"Certainly not," replied the squire; "but you will own that I have made my point good. You may now see how it would have been had I given your order about the young priest. My noble lady is a model for her sex, and almost an angel; but still she is a daughter of Eve, who seems to have bequeathed to all her lineal female descendants her own spirit of perverseness. And we have only to remember the Lady Angelica's pleasant ride upon Sultan, to be convinced that it has lost none of its vigor in the *descent*."

THE MINT.

VISITORS to Philadelphia miss a very high gratification, if they neglect to call on Colonel Snowden, and view the mechanical miracles which momentaneously are going on under his supervision—transmuting, with a touch truly magical, great ugly wedges of gold, and whole shot bags full of clipped, worn out, uncouth and unlettered barbarian coins, of all times, climes and people, into the gay, sweet-faced American currency, with its splendid figure of liberty, rivaling in execution the classic grace and majesty of the antique statues, on one side, and on the other the proud emblem bird of our national greatness. This process of transmutation appears to us exactly like that of translating the crude angularities of some old Gothic or Saracenic inspiration into the melodious music, the ocean-like rhythm of modern poetry. It strikes us that Longfellow, now, must be exactly the sort of fellow to coin good money out of the musty old superstitions and rude legendary lore of the Norsemen and the now invisible Visigoths. Of all things we should like to have a correct biographical history of the sensations, emotions and other experiences of a bag full of Dutch guilders, for instance, during the process of melting, recasting, assaying, drawing, rolling, cutting, milling and coining, until they came out with "shining morning face," in the delightful shape of Yankee Doodle half eagles, and without a memory of their saer-krautical pedigree. It would be next to lifting the cover of an editor's brain and *seeing* him think; which, we take it, is quite the highest species of intellectual re-creation that has yet been conceived.

The machinery in the Philadelphia Mint is the ideal of mechanical perfection; and one stands before the noiseless, symmetrical and polished engines, with something of the intense spirit of admiration inspired by the highest order of statuary or painting. The mere outline, although not filling the eye with a complete sense of beauty, is yet not only neat but gracefully and harmoniously disposed, betraying the hand and eye of the artist as well as the highly endowed mechanician. But there is something in the utter silence with which these engines traverse their allotted arenas, and the unhesitating certainty and ease with which they perform their busy and incessant functions, that makes the heart involuntarily assimilate its beatings to their silent pulsations, and seem to derive as it were a sense of strength and confidence from the unerring, the infallible regularity of these dumb ministers to the will and genius of man. One unconsciously repeats to himself, "Has man, indeed, created this? and what, then, may he not dare attempt?"

The two most interesting processes of the Mint, to a mere amateur, (always excepting the bagging of the yellow-boys,) are the milling and stamping. Milling, as every lover of the ring will tell you, is altogether an affair of "science;" but the way they do it at Uncle Sam's ring is the neatest and nattiest thing imaginable. First a whole basket full of what appear to be the heads of copper ship-nails are taken possession of by a man with a bright, golden-colored face, who proceeds to pile them flat-wise into a brass candlestick setting closely against a steel mill-stone that goes swiftly and noiselessly round, catching every other second a nail-head from the brass candlestick, and turning it out in the shape of a pearl-edged dead gold button. These are given to the die, where, oddly enough, they are first authorized to live. Here, being popped into another candlestick, they are taken by an inevitable thumb and finger, which hold them each a quarter of a second under the foot of a steel-heeled demon—Lever, we believe he is called—who keeps stamp, stamping away as if beating time to a perpetual soldier's hornpipe. This last process is the miracle—transforming the dead and dingy button-mole into a golden, glowing, bright-faced purse-onality dear to every beholder's hopes and memories.

As a matter of impartial justice, we must not forget to mention the splendidly-built series of scales, wrought up to such exquisite sensitiveness as it is quite impossible, without ocular proof, to believe mere unreasoning metal to be capable of. We saw a pair of large scales, built of Gothic gold, which are in daily and hourly use, in weighing lots of \$5000 in five dollar pieces, turned palpably from the horizontal by a piece of fine letter paper, not so big as a dime!

We have no time to describe all the other processes of coining; but as all our readers know how to make money a great deal better than we do, we presume they will not regret our hurry.

We are informed that the great perfectness of the machinery and the scales, (all manufactured within the Mint,) which so forcibly arrests the attention of every visitor, is the direct result of the genius and laborious application of Franklin Peale, Esq., who has been connected with the Mint for several years, and has gradually brought its mechanical processes into such intelligent and harmonious play, as absolutely to create an impression, at first, that they are endowed with sentience. To his politeness, and that of Col. Snowden, the polished treasurer of the Mint, we are indebted for an agreeable and instructive morning.—*Phila. North American.*

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

DURING one severe season—a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigor throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold—in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from a severe indisposition; but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he was betrothed to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and, at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier, nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house, when, having taken some refreshment, he might return; but, aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly, though resolutely, refused to do.

"But only for a few minutes," she continued, "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost concealed you alive."

"Not an instant," returned the soldier; "it were certain death even to stir from the spot."

"Surely not!" cried the affectionate girl! "it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be still more certain. You have at least a chance; and it is your duty, if possible, to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, Heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for our preservation."

"Yes," said the soldier, "but that is not the question; for suppose I can do it with impunity, is it noble or honorable thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?"

"But there will be some one; if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms."

This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind-hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watchword; and such was her

delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot, in her confusion, to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep, or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl, overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears!

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house, and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting, with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from her house, but was found in such a state of weakness, from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty, with the assistance of medical advice, that he was restored sufficiently to give an intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody, to await the period of his trial.

"Far happier had it been for me," he exclaimed, on being restored to consciousness, "far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death." And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, that he was condemned to be executed within a few days after his sentence. Great as was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity. He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached, was now to fall, as it were, by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitation and terror, her very despair seemed to give her strength; and casting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting everybody of rank and influence to unite in petitioning for a pardon for her lover, or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstances being made known, such was the tenderness and compassion excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate and spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier. The ladies of the place also exerting their influence, the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling, granted him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble-hearted girl, and accepting with her a small donation—an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank; so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower, which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

LAMENT OF THE HEATHEN SAGE.

I know thou art returned to dust again,
That wert unto my soul its only star—
I know that prayer is vain, and tears are vain,
And words of comfort, oh, how vainer far !
What shall I do, or by what power sustain
The desolation of my heart, the war
Of my resistful spirit, which at length
Lies prostrate in the fulness of its strength ?
And I have striven to think it is not so,
Have bid my heart remember the quick life
So eloquently speaking in the glow
Of thy young cheek, in every gesture, rife
With health that seemed invincible—the brow
Serene, as if disdainful of the strife
Death holds with meaner things—itself, a throne,
Where life and inspiration sat alone.
And my too faithful heart remembers well
(Would it were more forgetful !) every line,
And lineament and feature, which can tell,
Of all I had, that is no longer mine ;
I summon thee before me by the spell
Of tortured memory—I see them shine,
Thy clear, bright, *living* eyes—oh mockery !
It is impossible that thou couldst die !
Yet thou art dead, and we are severed, for
I saw the gradual blighting of that form ;
The quenching of those sun-bright eyes I saw,
The freezing of that heart so fresh and warm ;—
Yes, with mine agony subdued to awe,
I stood beside thee, keeping down the storm
In my wrung bosom, until all was past,
And my delirium may break forth at last.
And friends come round to comfort—idle task !
What can their busy voices say to me ?
Vain is the lore of patience, and the mask,
The smooth deception of philosophy.
Oh, hollow that ye are ! I need but ask
If ye can set death's fettered captive free,
And silence answers me—then let them prate,
Mine ears are deaf, and I am desolate !
But *Thou*—Great Heaven ! Can any power put out
The steadfast watchfire of thy love ? I can
Be sad, and thou unconscious ? Bitter doubt,
Resolved by such despairing certainty !
Oh, could I leap into my grave, without
The knowledge that mine eyes had seen thee die !
Thou canst not hear me—*thou* ! Ah, maddening
thought !
I speak to that which is not—thou art nought !
And in the music of the twilight breeze
I cannot dream thy spirit speaks to me ;
And when cool night descends upon the seas
I hold no voiceless communings with thee ;
The notes of thy familiar melodies
Stir up a passion in my memory,
But bring no peace—for I stood, helplessly,
And *saw* decay consume thy soul and thee !
Oh for that blessed ignorance which paints
A world where severed souls may reunite !
Oh, how the weakness of my wisdom faints
In the chill radiance of its own vain light !
Why should I lade the air with weak complaints ?
Let me sit down beneath the starless night,
Which weighs upon my spirit, and repeat,
Thou art no more, and we no more may meet !
Yet was thy soul so beautiful, methinks
It could not perish. Was it by the scorn
Of some unpitying, callous fiend who drinks
The tears of bleeding hearts, that thou wert born

To wind thee round my spirit ? Those sweet links
Twined they so closely only to be torn ?
And were two hearts so moulded into one
That sterner ravage might by death be done ?
Oh, for some knowledge ! Oh, for light, to shine
Through the sepulchral darkness, chill and black !
How would I clasp death with these arms of mine,
If I had hope that death could give thee back ?
'T is agony—this heart that seeks a sign—
These feet that wander, and can find no track,
Ah, God unknown, if any God there be,
Annihilate or else enlighten me !

Sharpe's Magazine.

LAMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN.*

I give thee to thy parent dust,
Thou loved and wasted form ;
I murmur not, for God is just,
And I am but a worm ;
I kneel upon thy grave, while prayer
Bursts from mine aching heart,
Ah, Saviour, reunite us, where
We cannot part !

Thou Merciful ! My tears are balm,
My very grief is bliss ;
How shall I thank thee, for a calm
So deep and still as this ?
The full assurance of my faith
Is built on thy true word,
I know that there is life in death,
Life with the Lord.

Thou not condemnest that my tears,
So fast, so bitter, flow—
No, I may pour into thine ears
The fulness of my woe ;
I come as to a friend, whose heart
Its humanness hath kept—
Who shall forbid my tears to start,
Since Jesus wept ?

Thou know'st how hard it is to give
The love of years away,
Thou know'st 't is bitterness to live,—
Yet not for death I pray ;
I pray for patience—strength to bear
The burthen thou hast given,
And faith to cheer my fainting prayer
With thoughts of heaven.

Yet, if a rebel thought oppose
Thy spirit's pure control,
Oh, charge it on my mighty woes,
Not on my feeble soul !
By thee, my weakness strength shall win,
In thee my soul shall live,
My grief thou pitiest, and my sin
Thou wilt forgive !

Oh Faith, lift up my drooping love !
Tell of the promised home,
The union, earth's chill clouds above,
Where parting cannot come !
In hope I kneel, for strength I pray,
And peace is surely won,
As from my bleeding heart I say,
Thy will be done !

Sharpe's Magazine.

* The passage in Mrs. Hemans' Journal, which suggests the contrast between the feelings of a Christian and an educated Heathen, under the greatest of earthly afflictions, as a fit subject for poetry, is to be found among the extracts from her private memoranda, given in her life, by her sister.

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